

From Fraser's Magazine.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE CABINET AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE whigs are not a fortunate party; things never go long smoothly in their hands. If they do not receive the government in a state of confusion and difficulty, they are sure in a short time to bring it to this, and then they either flounder forward for a while—getting daily deeper in the mire—or they commit some monstrous *coup-d'état*, and are overthrown. In 1831 they rode into office on the backs of a body of disgusted Protestants, and immediately raised such a storm as forced the broken Tories to reünite and to become the great conservative party. They kept their places against this party by proposing measures which shook the empire to its centre, and carried them through an agency of which none but the most unscrupulous politicians would have made use. Was it to be supposed that the people, having once felt their own power in forcing the reform-bill through, contrary to the wishes of the king, and in defiance of the whole strength of more intelligent classes, would ever again be persuaded to let it slip? Nothing of the sort. In the political unions which sprang up and matured themselves during the memorable season of the reform struggle, we find the germs of those unconstitutional clubs—to humor which, to a greater or less extent, the policy of all governments must henceforth be directed—which have changed the position of the repeal question in Ireland, rendering projects, which a quarter of a century ago would have been punished as treasonable, mere matter of discussion both within Parliament and without; which have carried the repeal of the corn-laws in spite of the reluctance of both houses of Parliament, and the well-known hostility of the great mass of the constituencies; which are prepared to fight a fierce battle with the first minister who shall take up the question of the national defences, and deal with it as it deserves; and already talk of an equitable adjustment and a more righteous distribution of property. No doubt the political unions themselves followed in the wake of the Catholic Association, and it would be unfair to the inventive genius of O'Connell if we were to deny that they gathered much from a study of his handiwork. But the Catholic Association was a religious rather than a political body; it sought a tangible object by means altogether constitutional; it addressed its arguments to men's moral sense, making a prodigious show all the while of universal charity; it sought only the removal of an acknowledged wrong from one class of the king's subjects, without desiring to interfere with the rights of any other. The Catholic Association, though extremely troublesome, was never dangerous. It had no power to control a single constituency; its leaders never presumed to threaten a rebellion. They knew their own weakness too well to risk the latter in reality; they had more than once been made to feel, that less than threats of physical violence were taken up and punished by a resolute government. Their triumph was indeed complete; but it was the result of conviction on the

minds of others, slowly, though surely worked out. For the duke's excuse about impending civil war, and the moral effect of Vesey Fitzgerald's defeat, we hold to be mere moonshine. As the law stood in 1829, Mr. O'Connell's election was *de facto* void, and Mr. Fitzgerald's seat secure. And there needed but the same determined spirit which sent the Talents about their business to prove this.

It is to the whigs, therefore, and to their policy in 1831, that we owe the *bouleversement* of influences under which the machine of the state now labors, and of which we last year witnessed one of the consequences, in the abandonment by Sir Robert Peel of the principles of a lifetime, and the consequent disruption of the conservative party. The whigs taught the men of Birmingham to unite for the accomplishment of a purely political end. They corresponded with persons who wrote to them about civil war; and answered, under their official franks, the proposals of Mr. Attwood to march upon London. They made common cause with O'Connell at the very moment when he was maturing, and they knew that he was maturing, his plans for the Repeal Association. They sacrificed to him their venerable chief, Earl Grey, because he was too high-minded to treat with a demagogue, whom, in a speech from the throne, he had denounced; and now they make no secret of their intention to govern Ireland absolutely as O'Connell shall direct. Can such men hope to command the confidence of the country? Can they wonder if men of all parties—their own infinitesimal faction alone excepted—bear with them as a matter of right and of duty to the sovereign; yet anticipate no benefits from their rule, and think with indifference of the moment when it shall terminate?

It is not, however, in regard to domestic policy alone that the whigs manage to put themselves and the country, on all possible occasions, in a false position. Let any man of common sense look round him at this moment, and, considering the state of our foreign relations, ask himself, to what can it be owing that we are brought suddenly to the brink of a great war? Lord Palmerston will of course say, that he is not answerable for this; that he found matters in disorder when he returned to the Foreign Office, and did not succeed in righting them; that the estrangements which time is maturing were all in blossom under Lord Aberdeen; and that it will be unjust to blame him, even if they bring forth the fruit of bloodshed. Lord Palmerston would have the appearance of justice on his side, could we forget that the beginnings of evil date further back than the tea-party at Eu. We do not mean to defend Louis Philippe's breach of an engagement, however informally contracted. He has lowered himself by that act in the estimation of every honorable man in Europe; and we deceive ourselves if, old as he is, he do not live to repent it. But they who desire to trace our present foreign difficulties to their real source, must look further into the past than the date of the queen's visit to her neighbor. Let us endeavor to assist our readers in this research.

The recognition of the government of the three glorious days by this country was, perhaps, inevita-

ble. That we were in a monstrous hurry to take it by the hand may be true—we are inclined to think that it is true—though the Duke of Wellington did the deed. But the Duke of Wellington had had too much experience of the evils of war to plunge rashly into a repetition of them; and believing that the elder branch of the Bourbons deserved its fate, he consented to its overthrow rather than be the cause of disturbing the peace of Europe. We confess, however, that we could never see the propriety of extending the same countenance to the Brussels absurdity. The kingdom of the Netherlands was a state almost wholly of our own creation. It had been created as a sort of check upon the restlessness of France; and we had expended large sums of money for the purpose of putting its advanced fortifications in good repair: yet, because a few discontented newspaper editors and clerks in public offices chose to get up an *émeute*, we folded our arms, and, declaring that the movement was a national one, refused to put it down. No doubt the late king of Holland committed some grave errors. His attempt to introduce the Dutch language into the Belgian courts of law was a blunder, and his notion of gradually Protestantizing the clergy of the church of Rome an idle dream. Did William Frederick really expect to succeed? Had he studied history so loosely as not to know that the Romish priests are the last men in the world to be moved by any consideration, either of public or private good, out of the course which offers the best assurance of aggrandizing their own order? In these things he seriously committed himself, while the somewhat phlegmatic atmosphere of his ambulatory court suited ill with the tastes of his Flemish subjects. But Frederick William's errors afford no excuse for the cool indifference with which we broke faith with him. The power which stood foremost on the list of guarantees to the integrity of the kingdom of the Netherlands was the first, in the hour of difficulty, to desert a faithful ally; and not only to desert, but in conjunction with the people, as a counterpoise to whom it had, fifteen years previously, set him up, to turn its arms against him by blockading the mouth of the Scheldt. We are happy to think, that for this gross act of political bad faith the duke is not accountable. He went far enough in consenting to the usurpation of the French throne by Louis Philippe; he never would have sent an English fleet to assist the troops of revolutionary France in consummating the revolution of Brussels, and robbing the house of Nassau of half its dominions.

The effect of these two false steps—for false steps they both were, though the last far exceeded in its folly the folly of the first—was to destroy all confidence of England among the northern powers, and to throw us into the arms of France. We had made common cause with the movement, if, indeed, we might not be said to have gone before it; and it soon appeared to them that we were become converts to the doctrine of propagandism. Accordingly Russia, while putting off the Polish rebellion, treated our remonstrances with contempt, and Austria held aloof from us as from a contaminated people. As to Prussia, she who on the advance of the French army towards Antwerp, had called out her Llandwher, and waited only for a signal to interfere, became thoroughly disgusted. She felt that, under her then rulers, England was no longer the trustworthy ally of other days; and rightly considering that the dissolution of the kingdom of the Netherlands was far more likely to hurt us than her,

she arrested the preparations which she had begun, and looked, in sullen silence, on all that followed.

Meanwhile Spain and Portugal were equally become theatres wherein the liberalism of English whig policy might disport itself. The wise caution of their predecessors, which would have left the people of these countries to settle their differences in their own way, did not accord with whig views of fitness. The government of 1832 must needs espouse warmly the cause of the young queen of Spain, and entered into an alliance with France with a view to reduce the Carlists. Now if ever men in office took a step which was as contrary to sound policy as it was at variance with good faith, the whigs took it then. The title of the queen cannot be said to have been unquestionable, for it was disputed by a large portion of her subjects; and that the rest of Europe was at least divided on the subject, the attitude of the northern courts declared. But the partisans of the queen professed liberal opinions; and to win for these ascendancy in the peninsula, our own liberal ministers seemed prepared to sacrifice all considerations of justice and old treaties. And what has been the result? A gradually declining influence at the very court to establish and maintain which English blood was shed in torrents, and English money squandered away; and now we are reaping our reward in the consummation of the Montpensier marriage, concerning which we do not hesitate to say that, as individuals whose pride and personal honor are not touched, we do not care one rush.

While we have thus been laboring, through a series of years, to separate ourselves in Europe from our natural allies, we have permitted matters to take such a shape, both in North and South America, as must ultimately lead to evil. Of the Ashburton treaty we did not hesitate to give our opinion at the time. Excuse it as we may, there is no denying that it deserved the name which we then gave to it. It was a capitulation, and nothing else. But let us not forget that the whigs, by procrastinating the day of settlement till the events of the Canadian rebellion had stirred up the angry passions of both parties, left to their successors no alternative except either to yield as they did, a great deal too much, or to go to war. Now war is a very serious evil. In Lord Aberdeen's opinion, it is more—it is a national crime, and therefore, sooner than be forced to commit a crime, he was guilty of a weakness. It was a mistake on his part, which has not been without its influence on recent events. The people on the continent assert, and we are inclined to believe them, that had Lord Aberdeen assumed a more determined attitude with Brother Jonathan, Cousin Louis Philippe would not have dared to precipitate the Montpensier marriage. However, there are other and equally manifest results of that spirit of bullying and procrastination which marked the intercourse of former whig cabinets with the government of the United States.

Out of our yielding on the north-western frontier, arose the vigorous tone with which President Polk laid claim to the whole of the Oregon territory. It was well met by the late government, which, indeed, could not afford to truckle a second time; but what was the state all the while of South America? This: we found ourselves at war with the republics at the mouth of the Plata, about matters which, in their intrinsic value were not worth the cost of the gunpowder fired away; while we were powerless to support Mexico against the encroachments of her

neighbor, who having, in the first place swindled her out of Texas, now openly declares that she will not stop short of the annexation of California. For all these humiliations, and the loss of influence which arises out of them, we may thank the growth of that peculiar liberality of opinion which belongs to whiggism; and which has at length concentrated itself upon the point of free trade, the probable accomplishment of which seems to be as far distant as ever.

It is well known that, ever since his return to office, Lord Palmerston has been importuning the northern courts to join him in his protest against the Montpensier marriage. Lord Palmerston's advances have been coldly met, and he and his admirers affect to be surprised at it, but the reasons assigned by the northern courts are unanswerable. His lordship appeals to the treaty of Utrecht, and talks about its violation. Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Holland tell him, that the treaty of Utrecht was overthrown on the day when he recognized the succession to the Spanish throne in the person of the young lady who now fills it; and that, were the case otherwise, the only provision in the treaty which it would be necessary to guard is not threatened. It is for the interest of the rest of Europe that France and Spain shall never be united in one empire. But Europe has nothing to dread from the marriage of the fifth son of the King of the French with the sister of the Queen of Spain, and, therefore, they are not disposed to take a part in favor of a government which has treated all their prejudices and principles, as well as their opinions in regard to other treaties, with neglect. Hence in a useless display of indignation we stand alone; and by showing how bitterly we feel the hoax that has been played off upon us, we increase the dangers that are assumed to threaten. What are these dangers? We are told that France will acquire such an influence in Spain, as to render all efforts on our part to improve our relations with the latter country abortive. Whatever manufactures she henceforth receives will come to Spain through the passes of the Pyrenees, and she will be encouraged to resume a project which has lain in abeyance only through the weakness incident to a protracted civil war. Sooner or later, Portugal will be invaded, and, if saved at all, will be saved only at the expense of a large expenditure of blood and treasure by us. Meanwhile, France will push her conquests in Africa, till Tangier and all the seaboard adjacent to it has fallen into her hands; and thus, with Spain in close alliance on one side of the Straits, and her own castles and posts upon the other, she will pretty effectually close against us the gates of the Mediterranean. This done, she will turn her attention to Egypt, and if she succeed there as well as she is seen to have succeeded elsewhere, the overland route to India, on which we set so much value, will be interrupted. How long, moreover, we shall be able to keep Gibraltar itself—the province whence, at present, that fortress draws the most important of its supplies being absorbed—remains to be seen. If the allied French and Spanish armies prove unable to take it by force, famine and disease will do the work for them; and then England will, indeed, be humbled. But our catalogue of ills does not end even here. There are symptoms already of a disposition on the part of France to court an alliance with the United States of America, and to convert the harbors of New York, Boston, and the Chesapeake into depôts for her navy. And, finally, into such bad odor have we fallen, that not one of the

other nations of Europe will join us—at least, till their fears are awakened that France may grow too strong, when, in all probability, they will find that we cannot any longer be of use to them.

We do not believe half of this, though half is more than we desire to see accomplished. We do not think, for example, that Spain will put herself so readily as Louis Philippe imagines into his hands. Indeed, we are unable to detect any adequate source whence such an overwhelming French influence should arise, for the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier are as yet but private persons after all. But supposing that, through the hospitalities which they dispense at Paris, they win the hearts of such Spanish grandees as visit that capital, what then? The worst that can happen is, that a French party may be raised up, which will not scruple as to the means which it adopts to fill all attainable places of power and emolument with its partisans; and that we shall have Spaniards, strongly imbued with French prejudices, commanding at Algeiras and Cadiz, and doing whatever they fancy can be done with impunity to annoy our merchants and injure our trade. We recommend these gentlemen, however, not to go too far in this way. The Spaniards are a sensitive people, and though, at first, they may go with the current, they will very soon begin to see that it sets towards France. Once let this notion take possession of their brains, however, and Louis Philippe will find that even his cunning is useless. A people which endured what they did, rather than accept for their king the brother of Napoleon, will never consent to play the game of a prince of the house of Orleans; and the fact will become apparent as soon as the game begins to be played in earnest.

On the other hand, it is not impossible that the lust of extending their conquests over Portugal may blind, not only the Spanish government, but the Spanish people, to the true designs of Louis Philippe. This has long been an object with the court of Madrid, and the present state of the little country is such as to offer every encouragement to an attempt of the kind. Of course, England cannot permit it: but are we in a state to prevent it?

Two months ago, we took occasion to point out the manner in which the repeal of the corn-laws and the avowal of free-trade principles in this country had operated, and were likely still more to operate, abroad. We showed, that the more philosophical portions of the inhabitants of France and Germany were prodigiously taken with the scheme; and both by their speeches at public meetings and through the press were agitating for the adoption of a similar policy at home. The governments, on the other hand, looked at the project with alarm; and all classes of persons interested in the growth of domestic manufactures shrank from the idea of imitating it. The governments still retain their dislike to free trade. They regard it as the offspring of a levelling spirit, and fear it more on that account than because of the effect which it must necessarily produce upon the public revenues. Even on this latter ground, however, they find sufficient cause for setting their faces against it; and, one and all, they have begun to act accordingly. In Germany, the Zollverein has increased the duties on all manufactured articles imported from abroad, and doubled them on many. France and Prussia have both imposed duties on corn shipped for export in their harbors. Russia has entered into a commercial treaty with France, of which the obvious tendency is to work us harm; and Austria makes no

move towards reciprocity. It appears, then, that the whig commercial policy, which Sir Robert Peel has, unfortunately for himself, pushed to an extreme, neither has operated, nor is likely to operate, anything towards the extension of British commerce. Moreover, instead of acting as a guarantee of general peace, its weight seems to be thrown into an opposite scale. We believe that the mobs of Paris and Berlin are equally clamorous for free trade. Whether the mobs of any other of the continental cities know or care a straw about the matter, may be questioned. But the masses in the two nations, which, though they differ widely from each other, must be acknowledged to be the most generally enlightened in Europe, are all anxious for free trade. Now, what is the effect upon the governments, not only there, but elsewhere? They equally dread the result. In Prussia, the movement is put down with the strong hand, as we have just stated. The tariff throughout the Zollverein is doubled. In France the minister sanctions the formation of clubs, in which the antagonist principles shall be debated; but he takes good care, by refusing his countenance to everything like a movement among the operatives, to keep the lower and lower-middle classes from taking any share in the controversy. The consequence it requires no particular insight into the future to foretell. Through the secret influence of the government, which seems to act impartially towards both, the anti-free-trade faction will, for the present, prevail; and we shall see that all duties levied for the protection of domestic industry will be retained, and the passions of the multitude roused and appealed to, in order to keep them from declaring against this decision, or laboring to controvert it.

Had France and England been on tolerable terms, this issue, however unfortunate for the free-traders, and, indeed, for the people of this country, might have admitted of some ameliorating circumstances—at least, our honor would have been saved. But being in almost open rupture with France, we find our policy despised and rejected by the power of which it was too much our habit to speak as most resembling ourselves, while all the other great powers besides resolve and act as if we had no existence. Just consider what they have been doing, and yet propose to do, in the north of Europe. The free city of Cracow, it appears, is to be absorbed into the Austrian empire. It was the last relic of Polish independence, and its existence as a separate state was assured by the treaty of Vienna, the five great powers becoming conjointly guarantees for the fulfilment of the conditions. But three out of these five powers now proclaim to the world, that they consider the question as one exclusively affecting themselves; and they settle it accordingly, without condescending to consult the cabinet of St. James' on the subject. Whether the cabinet of the Tuilleries has been sounded or not, we do not know. Well, then, what follows? Lord Palmerston blusters and complains; the English newspapers take up his cry; the French nation is appealed to as, equally with England, pledged; yet nothing comes of it after all. Louis Philippe, intent only on the aggrandizement of his own house, leaves the wreck of Poland to its fate; and we, having lost all moral weight with the conservative cabinets, find—as might have been expected—that a movement government leaves us in the lurch; and thus our credit, as well as our temper, is lost.

We hope that we may be mistaken, but it appears to us that whig liberal policy has so compli-

cated our relations with foreign powers, that to keep much longer free from a European war is impossible. Indeed, we do not hesitate to avow it as our conviction, that only amid the excitement of a foreign war are we likely to return at home to a state of reasonable submission to constituted authority. Far be it from us to speak slightly of any attempts that are made to improve the moral condition of the people, and to confer upon them the inestimable advantages of education. We have spoken out upon these subjects so plainly on other occasions, that we entertain no fears of being now misunderstood. But this much we are constrained to add, that so long as there shall prevail in the government a spirit of restlessness and a determination to perpetual change, so long must we, as a nation, be distrusted by our neighbors, and find very little to regard as deserving of our confidence at home. And this it is which causes us, in a remarkable degree, to be anxious under our present rulers. They neither have, nor profess to seek, any fixed standard of political faith. Though servants of the crown, they do not pretend to be monarchial; and as to their views on church matters, truly it would be a hard matter to describe them. They are mere waiters upon chance. Even the poor plea of expediency is raised by them only so far as this or that projected measure shall promise them a continuance of office, or the reverse; and so the destinies of this great empire are committed to a body of persons who have absolutely no friends, either here or elsewhere, except such as they secure by means of pay and places.

All this is very sad, and we feel it the more that we look round us, in vain, for a strong cabinet to succeed them. It is certain that Sir Robert Peel has, for the present at least, put himself upon the shelf. We greatly doubt whether he will ever again become the leader of a party which shall deserve the name. We are sure that, when the next general election comes, his clique of 112 will fall to half its members, if it amount to so many. But we do not reckon much upon the next general election. For the moment, it may throw the powers of the state into new hands; so, at least from the best information which we have been able to collect, we are led to believe. Nevertheless, it is vain and idle to expect that this triumph of protectionist views, supposing them to triumph, will be lasting. The masses have, through whig recklessness, been taught in this country a lesson which they will never forget. That which the Birmingham Political Union did in 1832, will be done again so soon as the mob and the intelligent classes differ; for there are plenty of leaders, at least as competent as Mr. Attwood, to direct the mobs of our great towns how to coerce the legislature and the government. Meanwhile, our present rulers have contrived to leave us without one cordial ally in the world. They have broken faith with governments which, if they err at all in their dealings with their neighbors, committed the fault of being too exact, both in their own acts and in their requirements. They have fraternized with a spirit which has no love of truth in it, and find themselves, in consequence, not in intimate relations, but at daggers drawn, with those possessed by it. What a consummation to the league of 1832 was the summary proceedings of one of the allied parties in 1840! And what a retaliation for the moral campaign on the coast of Syria is this pleasant intrigue of M. Guizot, the apostle, as he has been called, of peace and justice!

Our belief is, that the whigs cannot long hold their ground against the difficulties which must always attend upon a want of fixed principle in the rulers of a free country. They take no enlarged views of any subject. Their policy, whether domestic or foreign, is nothing more than an impulse, passionate or otherwise, according to the temperament of individuals or the circumstances of the moment which calls for action. At home they are the mere slaves of coteries and associations. Any chamber of commerce, be it in Manchester or Glasgow, will do more with them than the ghost of Burke, were it permitted to revisit the earth; and they no more dare quarrel with O'Connell than meet Parliament together;—which we shall be considerably surprised if they do, for there is no spirit of adhesion among them. Lord Grey hates Lord Palmerston; Lord Palmerston returns the feeling with interest; and both are distrusted by Lord John Russell, though, for obvious reasons, he desires to conciliate and keep them in good-humor. And what is to be the end, we defy mortal man to predict.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE DIGNITY OF NON-COMPLAINT.

ONE cannot help admiring the spirit of the man who, on being asked if he had not been complaining lately, answered, "I have been ill, but I never complain." It were of course too stoical to be amiable, if one were to determine *never* to complain. Our social feelings go against so extreme a resolution, and announce that, as it is right to give sympathy, so it cannot be wrong, under proper circumstances, to ask it. But certainly it is only in special circumstances and relations that complaint is allowable or politic.

It is obvious enough that what makes complaint in most instances injudicious is, that it is apt to excite something besides or apart from sympathy; namely, pity, which is always a sentiment looking down from a high place to a low one. The power, force, self-helpfulness of the object, all that tends to create the common kind of respect, is derogated by this feeling; and the transition to contempt is often fatally easy. Whereas, he who bears without complaining, or making any demand on sympathy, is unavoidably held to possess some peculiar impregnability of character allied to the higher powers of our nature; and though there is often something fearful in the contemplation of sufferings unacknowledged, we cannot help looking on with a certain kind of reverence. It is doubtless well that all this should be so; for is not all fortune to be overcome by enduring? That is to say, is not this enduring just an appointed means of adjusting ourselves to all the contingencies of Providence?

The allowableness of complaint is determined by circumstances and relations. We may complain in the presence of those who, we know, take an interest in us, with less risk than we can in other company. We may more allowably complain of a common woe of humanity, than of some special personal evil. A man would not care to fret about a pricked finger to his wife, while the savage suffers unimaginable pains at the stake with an unmoved countenance; he

— "may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief."

To have been the victim of an influenza, may be spoken of freely and dolorously, within moderate

bounds; but it is different if we are only recovering from an affront or a slight, where our own self-respect was alone concerned, because *there* sympathy comes less freely, if at all, or is liable to be mixed with no very reverential feeling. It is from a sense of this philosophy that those who complain about any personal vexation usually endeavor to take from its egotistic character by allying it to a public cause. "It is my turn to be slighted or slandered to-day—it may be yours to-morrow." Or, "Such attacks—though I care nothing for them myself—are reprehensible on general grounds." And so forth. But such efforts are, in reality, a confession that there is something felt to be weak and unworthy, generally speaking, in complaint. Man has a latent unconfessed sense that (allowing for just exceptions) he has no proper right to call attention to anything affecting himself alone, and that it is best to hush such affairs in the darkness of his own bosom.

If a mercantile man finds his acceptance declined at a bank, or an order upon some distant correspondent politely refused, he does not rush upon change to proclaim the grievance, knowing very well that such conduct would not tend to the improvement of his credit. It would be wrong for him even to complain to the bank or the correspondent. Policy directs that he should appear perfectly at ease under the refusal in either case, or, at the most, observe a dignified silence on the subject. It may thus come to pass that the other party will in time presume that possibly it might not have been so far amiss to discount that bill or comply with that order. At the very least, matters are made no worse. How far such policy squares with a very nice morality, I will not stop to consider; but, assuredly, the system of non-complaint is the best calculated to favor the objects of the merchant in his professional existence; as mere policy, it is perfect. So, also, one never hears a young lady complain of such a calamity as the loss of a front tooth. That is a matter between herself and her dentist. Complaint on the subject to any but that confidential adviser would only aggravate the evil. These are typical cases, bearing with unusual force upon the question; but no one to whom they are mentioned can be at a loss to see how the philosophy of non-complaint may be applied in other instances.

Take, for example, the man of art; that is, the man who, by the chisel, the brush, the pen, or the use of his brain and fingers for the production of music, works out results for the gratification and improvement of his fellow-creatures. If such a man finds his works neglected, will it improve his case to complain? Assuredly not. He may imagine there is some accidental or mischievous cause for the neglect, instead of his own deficiency of merit. But such suppositions, if expressed, only bring down ridicule upon his head. He may be severely handled by critics; but to complain of this, or attempt to put in something in arrest of judgment, or to retort upon the judge, can only injure him further with the public, as showing him in the humiliating light of one who suffers. The true policy, be assured, is that of the merchant whose bill has been handed back undiscussed—not to say a single word or look one look about the matter. The late Mr. William Hazlitt, with his unquestionable powers of mind, was sadly deficient in this wisdom. Some of his writings, as, for example, his *Essay on the Jealousy and Splendour of Party*, betray a pitiable sensitiveness to the little

ruhs and slights of life; soreness about criticism, vexation about the superior social *éclat* of other literary laborers—"raw" all over. Such conduct is a voluntary giving up of the dignity which the public must inevitably associate with the names of all who have written *tellingly* in whatever way; it is to sit down with greater humiliation than even enemies are in general inclined to impute. Suppose there were real ill-usage and some little actual bad consequences from it, well—minimize the evil by absorbing it in the woolpack of silence, and you will soon recover your proper position in spite of it. But to whimper, or scold in return, or in any way admit that you have been galled—oh, how it does the very thing the enemy aims at—what a suicide it is! And self-murder is the only way by which moral death comes to any man.

Perhaps the ultimate source of the good to be derived from non-complaint is its convenience to the general interest. Every one has his own woes; it is not, therefore, surprising that few feel aggrieved by hearing little of the distresses of their friends, however willing to give sympathy if complaint is actually made. It is, therefore, as good for us, as it is dignified on the part of the sufferer, that he should trouble us as little as possible with his distresses. Having, as life and the world go, far more need to be associated with what is cheering and encouraging than with the reverse, we are unavoidably attracted to the train of the successful and self-helpful, the gay and buoyant, even without any regard to tangible benefits derivable from them, while the unprosperous are too apt to be left pining in solitude. It is human nature to give pity and succor to the latter when the claim is directly presented, but in all circumstances to cling fast to and idolize the former, as something good, tutelary, and beautiful. For such reasons it must be that complaint, necessarily associated in our minds with infirmity, never can produce respect. So it must be that we admire, as the next best to success and greatness, the magnanimity which betrays not defeat or injury. Our thrilling reverence for him who suffers in silence, is mixed with a thankfulness that, in the maze of our own special evils, we have not the addition of listening to, and administering to, his.

I would, then, recommend the principle of non-complaint as one which it is useful to follow, under certain limitations. To shut ourselves up in a stoical indifference on all occasions, were at once unamiable and unwise. To consult nothing but dignity on this point, were to become detestable. Much would we prefer the man, weak as a woman's tear, to him who stood perpetually in a marble-like rigidity, professedly superior to all grief. The fullest allowance is to be made on that side. And particularly would we insist that, in the domestic circle, and amongst true friends, there should be a full communion and frankness on every passing trouble requiring counsel and assistance. Poured into a loving and kindred bosom, our griefs are sacred; reposing this confidence, we ourselves become objects of only increased tenderness. A disposition having regard to the happiness of others, will at once perceive where to draw the line of distinction between what ought and what ought not to be complained of—between what is a proper subject for the condolence of others, and that which would only unnecessarily vex and annoy them. We have all enough of sorrows of our own, without being unduly burdened with those of others; and, depend upon it, there is none more unamiable or more

generally shunned than the fretful and querulous. On troubles incidental to all, it is also to be admitted that complaint is legitimate, so far as it may lead to a remedy, or to a union of our common brotherhood in the bonds of sympathy. But undoubtedly, as a general rule, apart from these exceptions, there is much to be admired in non-complaint—the course pointed out alike by consideration for others and respect for ourselves. And I would hold this as an apothegm never to be swerved from—Respecting all egotistic sufferings whatever, from great injustices down to the most petty annoyances and incivilities, cultivate the glorious power of bearing in silence.

THE VICTUALS AND DRINK OF AUTHORS.

MANY eminent men have entertained a notion that the character of individuals is, in a great degree, influenced by their diet. Hippocrates, in his celebrated "Treaty on Diet," endeavors to prove that all men are born with the same mental capacity, and that the difference which in after-life is discoverable in the minds of the human race, is altogether attributable to the food which they have eaten. Literary men, according to Celsus, have universally weak stomachs. Aristotle had this organ so feeble, that he was obliged to strengthen it by the application of an aromatic oil to the region of the stomach, which never failed to impart its cordial effects by transpiring to this viscus. A respectable physician asserted that he could estimate the capacity of the mind by the delicacy of the stomach; for, in fact, according to him, you never find a man of genius who does not labor under complaints of the stomach.

Some authors have gained a notoriety for singularity in their diet and appetites. Dr. Rondelet, an ancient writer on fishes, was so fond of figs, that he died, in 1566, of a surfeit occasioned by eating them to excess. In a letter to a friend, Dr. Parr confesses his love of "hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp-sauce." Pope, who was an epicure, would lie in bed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's, unless he was told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he arose instantly, and came down to table. A gentleman treated Dr. Johnson to new honey and clouted cream, of which he ate so largely, that his entertainer became alarmed. All his lifetime Dr. Johnson had a voracious attachment to leg of mutton. "At my aunt Ford's," says he, "I ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton, that she used to talk of it. My mother, who was affected by little things, told me seriously that it would hardly ever be forgotten." Dryden, writing in 1699 to a lady, declining her invitation to a handsome supper, says, "If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow-puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach." Charles Lamb was excessively partial to roast pig.

Dr. George Fordyce contended that as one meal a day was enough for a lion, it ought to suffice for a man. Accordingly, for more than twenty years, the doctor used to eat only a dinner in the whole course of the day. This solitary meal he took regularly at four o'clock at Dolly's chow-house. A pound and a half of rump-steak, half a broiled chicken, a plate of fish, a bottle of port, a quarter of a pint of brandy, and a tankard of strong ale, satisfied the doctor's moderate wants till four

o'clock next day, and regularly engaged one hour and a half of his time. Dinner over, he returned to his home in Essex street, Strand, to deliver his six o'clock lecture on anatomy and chemistry.

Baron Maseres, who lived nearly to the age of ninety, used to go one day in every week without any dinner, eating only a round of dry toast at tea.

Ariosto was so attached to a plain and frugal mode of life, that he says of himself in one of his poems, "that he was a fit person to have lived in the world when acorns were the food of mankind." His constitution was delicate and infirm; and notwithstanding his temperance and general abstemiousness, his health was often interrupted. Blaise Pascal, the famous mathematician and philosopher, having suddenly renounced his studies at the age of twenty-four, devoted himself wholly to a life of mortification and prayer. This was occasioned by his reading the works of some of those ascetic religionists who unnaturally make the height of virtue to consist in abstinence from the enjoyment of those blessings which the Creator has provided, and strangely imagine that a self-infliction of misery is a most acceptable sacrifice to the Giver of plenty.

Thomas Tryon, the amiable author of the "Way to Health and Long Life," John Oswald, author of various poetical and political pamphlets, and Taylor, the translator of Porphyry's work on "Abstinence from Animal Food," (1823,) refrained from eating flesh. Shelley, who had an ineffable contempt for all the sensualities of the table, and, like Newton, used sometimes to inquire if he had dined, was of opinion that abstinence from animal food subtilizes and clears the intellectual faculties. To counteract a tendency to corpulency, Lord Byron, at one period, dined four days in the week on fish and vegetables, and even stinted himself to a pint of claret. Though his sensuality returned now and then, and tempted him to eat of a great variety of dishes, yet he succeeded in reducing his rotundity, but with it shrunk his cheek and his calf. Liston the comedian was from infancy averse to animal food and strong drink; water was his habitual drink, and his food was little beyond the mast and beech-nuts of his favorite groves at Charnwood. This kind of diet, however favorable to the contemplative powers of the primitive hermits, is but ill-adapted to the minds and bodies of the present generation. Hypochondria almost constantly ensues; and it was so in the case of young Liston, who was subject to strange visions. Benjamin Franklin at one time contemplated practising abstinence from animal food. "I hesitated some time," he says, "between principle and inclination, till at last recollecting that, when a cod had been opened, some small fish were found in its belly, I said to myself, if you eat one another, I see no reason why we may not eat you. I accordingly dined on the cod with no small degree of pleasure, and have since continued to eat like the rest of mankind, returning only occasionally to my vegetable plan. How convenient does it prove to be a *rational animal*, that knows how to find or invent a plausible pretext for whatever it has an inclination to do!"

When Sir Isaac Newton was writing his "Principia," he lived on a scanty allowance of bread and water, and vegetable diet. Kuhl the naturalist was remarkably moderate in regard to food; on his journeys, he required nothing more to allay hunger and thirst than dry bread, with milk and water, provided he could attain the object to which all his labors were directed—the extension of his knowledge.

Sheridan, who usually wrote at night with several candles burning around him, needed the excitement of wine when engaged in composition. "If an idea be reluctant," he would sometimes say, "a glass of port ripens it, and it bursts forth; if it come freely, a glass of port is a glorious reward for it." He is related to have written his play of Pizarro over claret and sandwiches in Drury Lane theatre. Otway gave himself up early to drinking; carousing one week with Lord Plymouth, and then starving for a month in an ale-house on Tower Hill. Helius Eobanus, the celebrated Latin poet, who was born in 1488, took great credit to himself for being a hard drinker, and would challenge any man as to the quantity of liquor which he could drink. In a contest of this kind his antagonist fell dead on the floor. Froissart, according to his own confession, "took great pleasure in drinking and fair array, in jousts, dances, late vigils, and, for my better repose, a night draught of claret or Rochelle wine, mingled with spice." Anthony à Wood tells us that, when Prynne studied, "his custom was to put on a long quilted cap, which came an inch over his eyes, serving as an umbrella, to defend them from too much light, and seldom eating any dinner. He would be every three hours munching a roll of bread, and now and then refresh his exhausted spirits with ale." Fielding, the author of "Tom Jones," sought consummate bliss in glasses of brandy and water. Brathwayte, in his poem called "Times' Curtaine," (1621,) declares that,

"Some say I drinke too much to write good lines,
Indeed I drink more to observe the times,
And for the love I bear unto my friend,
To hold him chat than any other end.
Yea, my observance tells me I have got
More by discoursing sometimes o'er the pot,
Than if I had good fellowship forsooke,
And spent that houre in poring on a booke."

Mr. Thomas Moore is of opinion, that

"If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write anything wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a bard to the skies."

The late Major Morris expresses the same questionable creed in the following harmonious lines:—

"Old Horace, when he dipped his pen,
'Twas wine he had resort to;
He chose for use Falernian juice,
As I choose old Oporto;
At every bout an ode came out,
Yet Bacchus kept him twinkling;
As well aware more fire was there,
Which wanted but the sprinkling."

Anacreon's harp was harsh and sharp,
Till wine had tuned his finger;
Alcæus, till he'd got his fill,
Found all his genius linger;
Old Ennius too, could nothing do,
Till bumpers made him rhyme;
And when I sing, 'tis not the thing
Unless the bottle's by me."

The too long association of the bottle and the book is also maintained in a poem on the virtue of sack, entitled "A Preparative to Study," (1641.) Sir William Temple used to say, "The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good-humor, and the fourth for mine enemies." Medwin, writing of Lord Byron, says, "He has starved himself into an unnatural thinness; and in order to keep up the stamina that he requires, he

indulges somewhat too freely in wine, and in his favorite Hollands, of which he now drinks a pint almost every night. He assured me that gin and water was the true Hippocrene, and the source of all his inspiration." At Newstead Abbey, Byron had a drinking-cup formed of a skull, rimmed with silver, on the outside of which were inscribed some verses of his, beginning, "Start not, nor deem my spirit fled." Many blamed him for converting a human skull to such a purpose; but in this he was not singular. Maundeville speaks of a tribe of people who converted their parents' skulls into cups, from which they drank with great devotion. Massinger the dramatist also mentions such skull goblets. In Middleton's play of "The Witch," a duke takes a bowl of this sort from a cupboard, upon which one of his attendants exclaims, "A skull, my lord!" which enrages the duke, who replies, "Call it a soldier's cup! Our duchess, I know, will drink from it, though the cup was once her father's head, which, as a trophy, we will keep till death."

Charles Lamb delighted in a draught of porter out of the pewter pot, and he would press his friends, even great men and bashful ladies, to taste the genuine article, fresh drawn at the bar of his favorite little inn at Edmonton. Coleridge observes that "some men are like musical glasses—to produce their finest tones, you must keep them wet." Addison's recourse to the bottle as a cure for his taciturnity, finally induced those intemperate habits which elicited Dr. Johnson's memorable remarks—"In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to let loose his powers of conversation; and who that ever asked succor from Bacchus was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary!"

A celebrated modern poet being invited to dinner by a lady, requested her to provide for him some peppermint cordial and black puddings. Goldsmith's usual beverage, in 1764, was a slight decoction of sassafras, which had at that time a fashionable reputation as a purifier of the blood; and his supper was uniformly a dish of boiled milk. Dr. Shaw, the naturalist drank largely of green tea; till, having lost the use of one arm, he says he discontinued it, and recovered the use of the limb. Hayley was of temperate habits, drinking no other stimulant than coffee; his example induced Dr. Warner to resolve on abstaining from wine and tobacco; though Hayley warned him against making so sudden a change, and expressed his opinion that the wine and tobacco had contributed to produce the doctor's excellent health and florid appearance. Warner persisted in the experiment, which very soon induced debility and a low obstinate fever, which were not subdued till he returned to London, and resumed the generous style of living which habit had rendered necessary, or which was originally suited to his constitution.

Milton used to take "a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water" just before going to bed. He recommends

"The rule of 'not too much,' by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from
thence

Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight."

Sir Walter Scott, from whose works a very com-

plete code for life and conduct might be selected, used to say that "greatness of any kind has no greater foe than a habit of drinking." This striking and just remark is, however, only an abridgment of one by Swift, who pronounces temperance to be "a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent of that ease and liberty which are necessary for the improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be the greatest felicity of life."

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

It appears, from parliamentary returns, that the amount of railway capital authorized to be raised during the last session was £90,802,550, for the purpose of constructing 4705 miles of railway—thus giving an average of £19,299 per mile. Of this length not less than 594 miles required to be tunnelled, being on the whole about $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile per hundred. The total quantity of land required for occupation is stated to be 53,356 acres, or nearly 111 acres for every lineal mile of railway.

In a report on the sickness among the Edinburgh police, recently drawn up by the medical attendant, the effect upon the health of an ill-ventilated section-house is noticed, and furnishes an additional example of the importance of pure air, and plenty of it. The men boarded in this place were the heartiest and youngest in the force, yet the ratio of sickness among them was 351.35, while among those out of it it was only 205.59—being a difference in favor of the latter of 145.76. Out of the thirty-seven men boarded in the section-house, only one was found free from functional disorder, the prominent symptoms of which were great sensibility to cold, copious cold perspirations, constant sense of fatigue, pain in the eye-balls, and loss of appetite. Statistics will at last force upon us sound convictions.

The south Australian and Adelaide Observer communicates the important intelligence, that gold may now be reckoned among the indigenous mineral wealth of our South Australian possessions. This discovery is due to Captain Tyrell of the North Montacute mine, who found the new ore when sinking a shaft in search of copper.

"Ludwig's Canal," in Bavaria, by which the Rhine and Danube, and consequently the Black and North Seas are united, has been opened for a few months, and promises to be of the highest importance to commerce. A vessel can now transport its cargo from London or Rotterdam across Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, and Wallachia, as far as Trebisond and Constantinople, without a single shift or obstruction.

The Canadian lakes have been computed to contain 1700 cubic miles of water, or more than half the fresh water on the globe, covering a space of about 93,000 square miles. They extend from west to east over nearly 154 degrees of longitude, with a difference of latitude of about 84 degrees, draining a country of not less surface than 400,000 square miles.

The annual value of the mineral produce of Great Britain, according to Mr. Tenant, amounts to nearly £25,000,000. Of this, £9,100,000 is from coals, £8,400,000 from iron, £1,200,000 from copper, £920,000 from lead, £400,000 from salt, £390,000 from tin, £60,000 from manganese, £35,000 from silver, £22,000 from alum, £8,000 from zinc, and £25,000 from the various other metals, as antimony, bismuth, arsenic, &c.—*Chambers' Journal*.

From the North British Review.

1. *Vindication of the Ancient Independence of Scotland.* By JOHN ALLEN. London: Charles Knight. 1833.
2. *Documents and Records illustrating the History of Scotland and the Transactions between the Crowns of England and Scotland, preserved in the Treasury of Her Majesty's Exchequer.* Vol. I. Collected and Edited by SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE, K. H. of the Honorable Society of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law, Keeper of the Records in the aforesaid Treasury. Printed by Command of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in pursuance of an Address of the House of Commons of Great Britain; and under the Direction of the Commissioners on the Public Records of the Kingdom. 1837.

THE first of these publications is a little pamphlet, full of the good sense and temper of its lamented author. It was written for the purpose of setting right mistakes of late historians, and especially to meet a truculent attack upon those heroes whom we have been brought up to honor, who vindicated the independence of Scotland against the power and the art of Edward I. Sir Francis Palgrave has returned to the charge in the volume which we have mentioned last, and has made a record publication the medium and channel of continuing his pleading against the ancient independence of Scotland.

Sir Francis Palgrave is a zealous Anglo-Saxon, and we have so much sympathy with that character that we must forgive him if his zeal sometimes outruns his discretion. He considers it to be necessary for the honor of the Anglo-Saxon name, that there should be, from the days of Hengist and Horsa downwards, a diadem and sceptre of sovereignty to sway all Britain within the seas. It is of no consequence to him that he cannot always find a head to wear "the round and top of sovereignty" and a hand to grasp his air-drawn sceptre. No matter that for centuries the Saxons in England found occupation in cutting each other's throats, or, resisting the Danish invaders, without turning their attention to rounding their empire and extending it on every side to the sea. They were predestined from the first to be the rulers of all Britain, and any insolent native tribes that dared to resist their divine right were properly treated as rebels. Wallace was traitor to his rightful sovereign, and hanged as he deserved; and Bruce is to be acknowledged only as a king *de facto*, a more successful rebel!

It is not that Sir Francis can greatly mislead in a matter like this, which is open to every man of common curiosity and research. The danger is rather that his real accomplishments, his minute acquaintance with Anglo-Saxon antiquities, and the ingenious speculations he delights to raise upon them, should suffer some discredit, when men find the same complacent confidence with which he announces his discoveries in the English constitution, displayed in justifying the execution of Wallace as a common traitor to the crown of England. His passion indeed for discoveries is rather dangerous in a historian; and it seems as if the slenderness of the evidence were but an additional incentive to confidence in adopting and announcing the result. Among the lumber of an old law process he finds an insulated assertion by one of the advocates, of a fact, which if admitted or proved should have served to decide the case. The thing is never

alluded to again. It is not founded on in the judgment. It has never been mooted since that as it had never been heard of before, till in a lucky hour, just five hundred years afterwards, Sir Francis discovers the pleading; out of his discovery, without hesitation or doubt, works up an ingenious and quite new constitution for our fortunate country; and gravely tells us that there existed from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, a court or known and established constitutional body, denominated the "Court of the seven Earls of Scotland," possessing privileges of singular importance, as a distinct estate of the realm, and to whom, among other functions, it appertained to constitute, and absolutely to choose the king.

There are some contemporary chronicles in Scotland as well as in England, which might have been expected to mention such a body and its proceedings if it ever existed; but their silence does not affect our constitutional historian, nor "give him pause." It is unworthy of his attention that numerous volumes of Scotch charters and diplomas, the very foundations and materials of history, are equally silent. Like a fine sword-player, the knight fences best in the smallest room. He has but his one document, rather imperfect, and not very authentic, but he sees no reason for hesitation, holds the matter for settled, and indulges himself in speculations upon the apocryphal division of ancient Albania into seven provinces, of which the said seven earls were not, but ought to have been, the earls; and fortifies himself with the analogy of the twelve peers of France and the seven champions of Christendom!

But we have not room at present to deal with these toys of the learned historian; and the title of our paper suggests to us matter so much more attractive that we can only afford room for a general and rough view of the question of Scotch independency.

When Edward I. was meditating the subjugation of Scotland—the rounding of his island domain—he thought it convenient to preface his proceedings with a claim of superiority, *suzeraineté* as he might call it; and in the opportunity of a disputed succession, and the selfishness of the competitors for the crown, he found means to have that claim admitted. The competitors first, and afterwards the unhappy prince who was successful, did homage to Edward as their rightful superior and Lord Paramount of Scotland. Sir Francis Palgrave is of opinion that his claim was just and well founded. He thinks he can show, that from the earliest times, the chief prince of the Anglo-Saxons in England was recognized as superior of all the peoples of Britain, and that this sovereignty was duly transmitted through the Norman kings of England after the conquest.

Some of his arguments it is not very easy to deal with seriously. One is founded on the magniloquent titles assumed by the Anglo-Saxon kings themselves—*Basileus—Rex Anglo-Saxonum ceterarumque gentium in circuitu persistentium—Rex totius Albionis—Primicerius totius Britannia*—an excellent plea for some future Palgrave of Persia, to prove the universal sovereignty of the Shāh-in-Shāh—the king of the kings of the earth! The taste for such titles is pretty general, and as old as the days of Agamemnon, though it may be questioned if the *αρχὴ ἀρχῶν* of Homer expressed quite so much as Pope's "king of men." Unluckily, among those orientals and their imitators, the

smallest man is apt sometimes to take the biggest title. The custom infected even the "subject" Scots, and we have one kingling who ruled from Tees to the Moray Firth, with sundry exceptions and sore disputes, in virtue, we presume, of his Saxon blood and his name of Edgar, inscribing himself, like his betters, on his great seal, *Edgarus Scottorum Basileus*. These are pieces of harmless bombast, until they get into the hands of a constitutional writer who has to found a theory upon them. Sir Francis Palgrave's title of supremacy is *Bretwalda*, which he says of right belonged always to some one prince of the Saxons, and that it implied the superiority over all the people called Britons. He does not show that this title or dignity was inherited or elective. He does not prove that it was given by others as well as assumed by the prince who bore it. It is not pretended that it conferred any real authority upon its holder. We are not told who the people were whom the Saxons called Bretons or Britons, and whether the Scots were of the number.

Another part of the argument rests upon alleged acts of homage done in ancient times by the kings of Scotland for their kingdom, to the sovereigns of England. The party in English history to which Sir Francis Palgrave has given his adherence, has revived in a harmless way the old feud with Scotland. They are sticklers for kings *jure divino*; zealous churchmen, whether Catholic or Anglican. They are indignant that Scotland, always contumacious and iconoclastic, the country that defeated Laud, and taught England to resist Charles to the death, should be held lawfully enfranchised, and declared of right independent. Their zeal blinds them. They are learned and critical enough in most matters, though with a leaning for a church-legend, especially if it go to establish the supremacy of Rome. But in this question it is amusing to observe how they grasp at every straw that offers them support. They press into their service even the pretty romantic fables that adorn the early history of all nations, and one of these calls forth all Sir Francis' eloquence:—

"The ancient contract (of homage) was renewed when Edgar assembled the *subreguli* of the empire at Chester to grace his triumph on the Dee. Kenneth, King of Scots, appears as the first of the train of vassal kings. He is followed by his nephew, Malcolm of Cumbria, and Maccus, the pirate-king of Mona and the isles; by the princes of Galloway and of the Cymric tribes. They then took the oath of fealty, and entered into the obligation of military service, or of being the coöperators of their lord by sea and land. On the following morn the eight vassals plied the oar, whilst Edgar steered the bark upon the waters of the Dee—and though the homage may have been more specially rendered by Kenneth for Lothian, yet the dependence of the Ceannenneth upon Edgar, extended the superiority of the Basileus over the whole race, whose chieftain bent before his throne."—*History*, vol. i., p. 475.

Sir Francis Palgrave cites a whole bed-roll of successive chroniclers to vouch this story, as if he made it more credible by his host of witnesses. Livy could have done the same to prove the leap of Curtius. After all, we have here but the usual growth of legendary history. The Anglo-Saxon "lay" is taken up by one old chronicler, and copied by others, until it attracts the notice of a professed historian, when it is done into choice English by Sir Francis Palgrave as above. The concluding reasoning is quite worthy of the fable; and it is curious

to observe the ordinary acuteness of the historian yielding to his willingness to believe. In the common case, such submissions follow upon some defeat or serious reverse of fortune, and we are prepared for the vanquished buying mercy by professing homage. But, just then, the sturdy Kenneth had wrung from Edgar the fruitful province of Lothian. He had obtained another large slice of Northumbria, equivalent perhaps to the county of Cumberland, for his nephew Malcolm; and that is the time Sir Francis would persuade us, the Celtic princes chose for acknowledging "the superiority of the Saxon Basileus over the whole race whose chieftain bent before his throne."

We shall not open an argument against such history as this; we rather reserve ourselves for what Sir Francis considers the strength of his case—the record evidence of the supremacy of England, and acts of homage and vassalage done by Scotland. In this part, our historian rests mainly on a discovery of his own; and perhaps every one (the learned knight not excepted) is apt to give, at least its due value to his own trove. When Edward was most eager to make out a case, in support of his claim to the superiority of Scotland, he seems to have commanded all the monasteries of England to search their archives for proofs in aid of his title. This was not unknown before. Hailes and other industrious authors knew and recorded the proceeding; but it was reserved for Sir Francis Palgrave to collect the *disjecta membra* of this large search, or such of them as Edward the record king thought fit to treasure, and the moths of the chapter-house to spare. Sir Francis is of opinion that "this proceeding affords a strong testimony of the honor and integrity of the English king."—(P. xev., *Introduction*.) We fear the keeper of the records has an undue leaning towards the recording king. If all these scraps were to be admitted, they do not go a great way in the proof, though some of them seem the produce of contributors willing enough to help the king at his utmost need. We have no acts showing the wardship of the English king during minority of Scotch princes; no summonses of the Scotch king to the English court on high solemnities; no military services; no feudal aids; no jurisdiction of appeal from the courts of the one country to the other. These are the facts which, in two countries then long feudalized, must have appeared on the records, if there had indeed been any superiority of old claimed and acknowledged.

But there are some serious objections to admitting all this class of evidence in the present case. The cloister chronicler was a useful recorder of passing events where he had no interest to misrepresent, or where his interest and misrepresentation were so transparent, that we can see the truth distinctly through them; but when one of two parties disputing, is allowed access to the monks' record at pleasure; when that party has not only the selection of what he will extract, but the power of inserting what pleases him; when both he and the recorder are found not over scrupulous either as to the truth of the matter recorded, or the manner of dealing with records after they are framed—the chronicles of the monasteries suffer somewhat in trustworthiness.

That Edward was in the habit of sending to the greater monasteries, such documents as he chose to be recorded, is well known. We have more than one instance of this mentioned by Sir Francis, who seems to think it a proceeding free from all suspicion or objection. Now, we have some objection to

the same party making a record, and using the record for his own purposes; but we have other cause of complaint against the custodiers.

The early English monks have in truth earned an awkward reputation for tampering with records. Soon after the Conquest, the Normans, eager for a few slices of church lands, thought it a good scheme to call upon the monks of the great religious houses, to produce written titles for their property, suspecting that none existed. But they mistook their men. The Anglo-Saxon monks, to be sure, had not been in the habit of holding their lands by scraps of parchment; but it was easier to meet the Normans in their own way than to convince, or to resist those long-sworded men. It was, after all, a pious fraud! It was all for the honor of God and Holy Church! And charters were supplied as fast as their new masters demanded them. Fortunately, they were not very clerical, those first Normans, and they passed without criticism the mistaken styles, the false dates, the impossible witnesses, which Mr. Kemble so maliciously detects a thousand years afterwards. To judge from the mass of spurious monkish charters, far outnumbering the genuine, there must have been forgery and coining of seals wholesale in the monasteries of England during the eleventh and twelfth centuries; so that a powerful prince of the next age, expressing an earnest desire to find in their repositories something of record to suit a certain claim, was not very likely to be disappointed. But, strange to say, there is some reason to suspect that Edward could help himself in the same manner, and as well as the monks! How shall we speak it of the English Justinian! He loved records, and devoted himself to their construction. They were his tools and weapons quite as much as the sword, though Longshanks knew how to wield it too. The care with which he compiled the instruments of the humiliating homage of the Scots, and of the miserable surrender of his royal rights by Balliol, is worthy of a better cause. The Scotch envoys at Rome boldly accused Edward of forging the deeds of resignation of the kingdom by the wretched Balliol. That charge was probably unfounded; but we know he could, when it suited his purpose, frame a fabulous story, and depose to its truth to the Pope, and in the face of Christendom, and then direct his fable to be carefully disseminated, to be preserved in all the abbeyes of England. It now turns out that to serve his great end, he could condescend to alter the great national records of England, cause the words to be erased which set forth the truth, and substitute others, not over dexterously, to suit his purpose.

It is matter of history, that in 1278, the young king of Scotland, Alexander III., did homage to Edward at Westminster. Like his predecessors he held lands in England, for which it is admitted he was bound to do homage to the English king, just as that king did to his cousin of France, for his dukedom of Aquitaine. Sir Francis Palgrave thinks that he owed homage also for his kingdom of Scotland. After Alexander's death, Edward pretended that he did so; and then the first question came to be—how was the homage done? Sir Francis Palgrave knows that it is an important point, and so did Edward. We turn to the record. It is on the Close Rolls, a national record of the highest authority, preserved in the chief record office in the Tower of London. The entry runs as follows:—"In the Parliament of Edward the king, at Westminster, in Michaelmas, the sixth year of his reign, in presence of, &c., came Alex-

ander king of Scots, son of Alexander late king of Scots, to the said Edward king of England, in his chamber, and there offered to become his man, and to do him his homage, and that he did in these words: *I Alexander king of Scots become liege man of my Lord Edward king of England, against all people: and the king of England received his homage; saving the right and claim of the king of England and his heirs to the homage of the king of Scotland and his heirs for the kingdom of Scotland, when of that they should think proper to treat.*"

The odd inconsistency of reserving a claim to fealty for the kingdom, after terms of homage so broad as those quoted, naturally excited the curiosity of those interested in the dispute; but it was only lately that it occurred to any one to examine critically the record itself. We do not know who has the merit of this examination; we believe its result was first published in Mr. Allen's pamphlet; when he announced the startling fact, that the entry in the close roll has been tampered with, the important part of it erased, and the words which at present are put in the mouth of the king of Scots, written upon the erasure.

Mr. Allen conjectured that the words erased had contained the homage for Alexander's lands in England, which might be consistent enough with the reservation of the English king's claim. It was a reasonable conjecture; and the publication of a recent volume of Scotch records, establishes its truth. In the venerable register of the Abbey of Dunfermline, is preserved a memorandum regarding this matter, running as follows:—"In the year of grace 1278, on the day of the Apostles St. Simon and St. Jude, at Westminster, Alexander king of Scots did homage to Edward king of England, in these words: *I become your man for the lands which I hold of you in the kingdom of England, for which I owe you homage: saving my kingdom.* Then said the Bishop of Norwich, And saving to the king of England, if he right have to your homage for your kingdom: to whom the king immediately answered, saying aloud, To homage for my kingdom of Scotland, no one has right but God alone, nor do I hold it of any but of God."—*Regist. Dunferm. No. 321.*

There cannot now be any doubt, which is the true version of the story; and a more dispassionate Saxon than Sir Francis Palgrave would be content to maintain from such documents that a protest for superiority was made, rather than that the claim was established or admitted. It is a damaging fact for one of the parties in a dispute of this kind to be convicted of using forgery; but even the forgery, which is undoubtedly ancient, here goes to prove the antiquity of the claim, not of its admission. The mistake and gross blunder of this and the subsequent state forgeries of England, was precisely the same with that of Sir F. Palgrave's argument. It is easy to convict them of error, when they attempt to prove what is inconsistent with the whole history and ascertained transactions of the two countries. So late as the middle of the 15th century, the famous John Hardyng carried on an extensive trade of this kind, and furnished to the English government, charters of Scotch kings from Malcolm Canmore downwards, acknowledging their absolute dependence and subjection to England. His forgeries are clumsy and palpable. He was contented with nibbling off the name from the circumscription of a false seal, while the remaining part convicts him equally of the falsehood. He scarcely disguised his writing to suit the period. Anything

passed muster at that time; and he celebrated his achievements in verses after his own fashion.*

For these good deeds he had a pension of twenty pounds a year out of the county of Lincoln, and the manor of Geddington, in the county of Northampton. Sir Francis tells us that he was the sworn enemy of the Scots; and suggests that "his historical investigations, which convinced him that the Scots had unduly withdrawn their subjection, may have contributed to excite his feelings; and he may perhaps have deluded himself into the belief that the pious fraud was innocent, since his own country would be served thereby"—a charitable suggestion certainly, which would have more weight, had we not been told of the Lincolnshire pension and the manor of Geddington.

England has large collections of authentic ancient diplomacy; and the wrecks of the charters of Scotland have been of late collected with some diligence and care; and Sir Francis Palgrave knows that in the multitude of these records there is no evidence of the actual performance of homage for Scotland, nor any of that most convincing kind of proof that would result from the casual and unobserved occurrence of exactions and concessions, such as take place between a dominant and a vassal state. Sir Francis feels how this negative evidence pinches his argument, and he evades it by alleging that the dominion of England was "one of a peculiar nature"—"a special tenure"—"not to be cramped by arguments drawn from a late jurisprudence." The dominion may well be called peculiar, and it was indeed a very special tenure where dependence was established without acts of homage; where the dominant exercised no authority of any kind over the subject prince; where the whole proof of the tenure consisted of a tradition alleged by one party, denied by the other. Such a shadowy sovereignty may well be styled peculiar, and it will require Sir Francis Palgrave's ingenuity to define somewhat more precisely, wherein it specially consisted. Assuredly it was something very different from such an airy superiority that Edward the First vindicated as the "directum dominium" of the kingdom, in virtue of which he could take the judgment of its law-suits into his own courts, decide in cases of disputed succession to the throne, and, in fact, make and unmake its kings.

And now we take our leave of Sir Francis Palgrave, who has done so much for Anglo-Saxon history and constitutional antiquities, that he can afford to be told that he has not brought a fair spirit of inquiry to the study of Scotch history. The volume of documents of which we have prefixed the title, is of considerable importance, and carefully edited, notwithstanding occasional slips, scarcely to be avoided by a stranger, dealing with Scotch names of persons and places; and we should be glad to see the series continued, without a continuation of the pleading to which the editor makes his present volume subservient, which is much misplaced in a record publication, prepared at the public expense, and losing its value if deprived of its character of unprejudiced impartiality.

*"And Hardynges owne self hath the partie tene,
That from Scotlande oft tymes hath brought
Their seales of homage and fealties
Unto the king of Engelande, as he ought;
Unto whom the Scottes then sued and sought,
Yeldyng to live in humble subjection
Of Engelandes governance and protection."

HARDYNG, by Ellis, p. 2.

"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones."

It was not so with Edward. He died without accomplishing the great object of his life—the entire subjugation of Scotland, though not without well earning the character given him on his tomb in Westminster Abbey—*Scottorum malleus*. He inflicted on Scotland, while he lived, all the miseries that armed tyranny and the most insolent oppression could inflict; but he was mistaken in thinking his dead bones would carry terror enough to complete his imperfect conquest. Fortunately—we may say it without irreverence, providentially—his strong oppression fell on men of a stubborn nature; and the evil that Scotland suffered at Edward's hands was as nothing to the good he caused by rearing up that indomitable spirit of resistance to oppression, which we think has marked the whole subsequent history of our country, and given a peculiar character to her people. During ages of turbulence and misrule, amidst intestine feuds, the dishonesty of statesmen, and all the dangers besetting a poor people surrounded by rich neighbors, Scotland has had one advantage, one principle of union, that lived alike in the breast of the peasant and of the noble; one common feeling akin to virtue, secure of general sympathy. The war-cry of independence might disguise selfish designs and serve the purpose of faction, but it was never raised in vain, and it saved the country, in the worst of times, from provincial degradation; while in happier circumstances it generated that enduring steadiness of purpose, and intense love of country which, if we mistake not, are still our national characteristics. We love to trace this nationality from its first fountain through its whole course, now running into an exclusive and narrow prejudice, now flowing in the full tide of genuine patriotism. Often a reproach, always a mockery among strangers, it has influenced the genius of the country in thought and in action hitherto; and by the blessing of God, it is not yet extinct.

The grinding oppression of Edward afflicted all classes, and united all. The cottage smoked in common ruin with the castle. The peaceful burgher was spoiled as well as the man-at-arms. Even the church was not sacred, and monasteries, convicted of "Scoticizing," were pulled down about the ears of their inmates. The effects were remarkable. Before that time, war was the occupation of the noble and his followers, and armies were masses of mailed cavalry. Then first it began to interest the people. The burgher and the peasant armed on foot; and their leaders soon taught this new infantry, with its forests of spears, to withstand the shock of iron squadrons. The established church, ever peaceful of its own nature, was driven from its propriety. Dignified churchmen preached to their flocks that it was more meritorious to war against Edward than against the Saracens; and more than one venerable prelate buckled on his armor, and fought for his country and its independence.

The first remarkable fruit of the seed of Edward's sowing was the rise of William Wallace, a name that still thrills every Scotchman's breast. The choice of such a man, not one of the high nobility, to lead highborn barons and great earls in their struggle, shows an unity of purpose and heartiness in the cause. His behavior in power and success justified their choice, and for the first time in Britain realized the idea of a patriot hero and chief. The

bloody termination of his short career seemed to have secured the power of Edward beyond hazard. But the blood of patriots, like the blood of saints, is fruitful; and a few months saw a band of resolute Scots enthroning a king of their choice in the old chapel of Scone, though the fatal chair was already at Westminster.

Of Robert Bruce it is not fitting to speak as in passing. We wish only to point to one or two events of his career, that marked the national character and served to perpetuate it. As a leader of partisan war, he was at least equal to Wallace; but he rose with his fortunes, and has left few names in the page of history to compare with him as a statesman and a king. Sprung of the high Norman blood, himself the flower of chivalry, and gathering around him a band of knights of more than romantic valor and achievement, he had the sagacity to turn to account the popular favor, and to adopt the use of infantry as the staple of war. The Flemings had set him the example. Twelve years before Bannockburn, the burghers of Bruges, on foot, had withstood the shock of the best chivalry of France at Courtray, where the number of gilt spurs of knights, the trophies of their prowess, rivalled the rings of Canne. "Bruce came early in the morning," says an old chronicler, describing the field of Bannockburn, "with three batelles on foot, (taken exemple of the Fleminges that on foot a little afore had discomfited the pour of France at Courtray.)" The parting advice attributed to him by Fordun is well known.

"Et quia misit manum suam ad fortia, prævidit de communi modo bellandi quem inimici Angli non noverunt, sed et quem sui sequaces peroptime et experimentaliter didicerunt: Unde,

Scotica sit guerra pedites, mons, mossica terra;
Sylvæ pro muris sint, arcus et hasta, securis.
Per loca stricta greges munientur: plana per ignes
Sic inflammantur ut ab hostibus evacuentur.
Insidie vigiles sint noctu vociferantes.
Sic male turbati redient, velut ense fugati,
Hostes pro certo; sic rege docente Roberto."

Scottish: XII. 10.

But Bruce had other motives for the new tactics than imitation of the Flemings. When he threw himself heart and soul into the struggle for his country, most of the great lords of Scotland the princely Dunbars and Stratherns, the powerful name of Cumyn, with its three earls and thirty-two belted knights, as well as the majority of the Scotch baronage, had made their peace with Edward. On the other hand, the people were for independence and Bruce; and it was his plain policy to raise into importance that class which was then struggling into existence in every country of Christendom. To put arms in their hands was one step towards equalizing them with their old lords and superiors, and breaking down the prejudice so early and universally connected with gentility. The poverty of the country, now drained by war and oppression, and its natural features, as unsuitable for cavalry as for the evolutions of the chariots of the ancient Caledonians, equally pointed to the change. The borders still furnished an efficient force of active lancer cavalry, the Cossacks of Britain; and the Highlanders and islesmen were a useful archery, though never able to stand against the mighty bow of England. But henceforth the strength of the Scotch battle was in the phalanx of light-armed pikemen, composed of the burghers of the towns and the yeomen of the low country.

When the Scots, under a leader in whom they had confidence, could be brought to practise their true policy of defensive war, no arms can be imagined—certainly none have been invented in modern warfare—more efficient for repelling the force against which they were principally used. The spears, six elms of "regulation" length, being footed, as the phrase was, and projected row above row by the ranks of a deep column, like the hollow squares of Waterloo, presented a wall unapproachable by cavalry.

But it was not only in arming the commons, that Bruce showed his sagacity and popular feeling. He encouraged and protected the free boroughs. He was the first sovereign who introduced their representatives into Parliament; and when the mighty exertions of the country compelled the king to apply for means to carry on the government, he did not use the common resource of a feudal prince, the uncertain and unwilling aid of the vassals of the crown, but threw himself boldly upon his Parliament for support. How nobly, and yet how constitutionally the Scotch Parliament met his appeal, is matter of trite history. It is not less known how the Parliament at Arbroath replied to the pope when he summoned them to acknowledge their subjection to England; but we cannot refrain from giving an extract from that remarkable letter:

"Our nation, under the protection of the See of Rome, lived hitherto free and peaceful, until that mighty prince, Edward I., under the guise of a friend and ally, attacked our kingdom, then without a head, thinking no ill, and unaccustomed to wars and attacks. His oppression, slaughters, violence, plunder, fires, imprisoning of prelates, burning of monasteries, spoiling and murdering of churchmen, and other enormities, which he exercised on our people, sparing neither age nor sex, religion nor rank—no one could write nor fully understand, unless he had witnessed them. From these innumerable evils, through the assistance of Him who woundeth and maketh whole, we have been delivered by a valiant prince, king, and lord, our Lord Robert, who, for freeing his people and inheritance from the hands of their enemies, like another Maccabeus or Joshua, hath sustained with cheerful mind labor and grievances, starvation and all dangers; Him, the divine disposition, the lawful succession according to our laws and customs which we will maintain to the death, and the due consent and assent of us all, have made our prince and king: And to him, as one by whom the people is saved, we are bound both by law and his merits, and we are willing, in all things, to adhere, in defence of our freedom. But if he stopped in his course, willing to subject us and our kingdom to the king of England or the English, we should immediately endeavor to expel him as our enemy, and the overthrower of his and of our right; and we should make another our king, to provide for our defence. For, so long as a hundred remain alive, we never will submit in any manner to the dominion of the English. For not for glory, riches, or honors do we fight, but for liberty alone, which no good man abandons but with his life."—(*Acta Parl.*, vol. i.)

We venture to translate the document, because the language is not its chief merit; though a worthy schoolmaster of our acquaintance makes use of it with great advantage as a Latin lesson for his boys, and we honor him for his choice. The commencement is disfigured by fables of national antiquity, a folly then in fashion; but the body of the letter has a substance which makes any language

classical. We know not who composed it. From intrinsic evidence, we should say Bruce himself had a hand in it, but whether penned by his chancellor, the good Abbot Bernard, or dictated by the united prelates, barons, and commons of Scotland, it is equally remarkable. Similar expressions might be culled out of the pages of rhetorical historians, putting classical sentiments into the mouths of their imaginary heroes. But here is a real transaction of real men. Their names are familiar in our mouths as household words. Here are their seals of arms, earl, baron, knight, and squire. Many a Scotchman has got his first heraldry from the coat of his ancestor affixed to that letter. It is a genuine state paper, as authentic as any of the blue books "ordered by the House of Commons to be printed." And were these men not worthy of the freedom they gained? To our mind, the letter of the Scotch Parliament to the pope shows a developed nationality, a rational patriotism, an intense love of independence, which at that day were without parallel.

Nor was it in statesmen and soldiers only, nor in public affairs alone, that this national spirit was found. John Barbour, archdeacon of Aberdeen, was a historian and poet not unworthy to celebrate the war of Scotch independence and the deeds of Bruce. His work was long very popular in Scotland. It had gone through more than twenty editions. It was to be found in the cottage window along with books of devotion; and it would have kept its ground against even Chambers' Journal and the Penny Magazine, but for the singular misfortune of its lately falling into the hands of two learned editors, who vied with each other in rendering it unreadable. The edition of Pinkerton, 1790, is certainly the worst. He used a transcript made by an ignorant scribe, without himself collating any of the MSS. His readings are in general bad, and the notes with which he has loaded his pages contain an incredible quantity of errors and misrepresentations. But the edition of 1820, by Dr. Jamieson, the respectable lexicographer, is scarcely more commendable. He professes to adhere, indeed, to one old manuscript with more than reasonable fidelity, and has thought himself bound to give all its manifest errors, and even to exaggerate the barbarous spelling of the original, where it was left in his discretion by the abbreviated writing of the scribe. It was unfortunate that the editor should conceive it his duty to render a hitherto popular book unintelligible. He deciphered the MS. with difficulty, and he is singularly unimaginative in detecting its probable errors, while his notes show him to have been altogether unprepared by previous study and reading for such an undertaking. By these, the latest and unreadable editions, filling the market, the fine old Scotch Odyssey has been banished from the book-shelf of the peasant, and is scarcely now read except as a book of historical reference.

Barbour, indeed, is no mean chronicler. Subsequent historians have borne testimony of his truth and skill of narration. Wyntoun speaks of him as writing—

"In metre far mare vertuously
Than I can think by my study."

And Fordun passed over the war of independence because it had been already treated by Barbour. But it is not as the recorder of passing events that the archdeacon now chiefly attracts our notice. He gives us charming pictures of the manners and

modes of thinking of Bruce and the brave men who followed him, outraged and hunted like beasts of prey, and as fierce in their turn, but reverting readily to the decencies and charities of life. There is nothing more striking than his pictures of the love and confidence that existed between the prince and his followers. If ever there was an age of chivalry it was then, when men fought against all odds in a high and holy cause; not in the wars painted by Froissart, when a company of men-at-arms clad in iron loved to ride over thousands of the naked *jacquerie*. Barbour himself was full of patriotism and chivalry; and how often of old must the heart of a soldier have beaten under the churchman's gown! He celebrates feats of individual prowess and daring, as if he could have taken his share in them, and he luxuriates in describing the splendid evolutions of troops preparing for or engaging in battle.

After enumerating with much skill all the host which Edward poured upon Scotland at Bannockburn, both of England all that might bear arms, and—

"Of Gascoyne and of Almany,
And the worstiest of Breitaigne."

All Wales also with him had he,
And of Irland a gret menye,
Of Poitou, Aquitaine, and Bayonne
He had mony of great renowne;"

and describing the mighty army, with its baggage troops over-spreading all the land, he says men might see

"Mony a worthie man and wight,
And mony an armur gayly dight,
And mony a sturdy stirring steed
Arrayit intil ryeh wede;
Mony helmis and haberjownis,
Sheldis, and speris, and penownis,
And so mony a cumly knight,
That it seemid that into fyght
Thai suld veneis the world all hail."

Describing the march from Berwick—

"Both hills and valies helit thai (they hid)
As the battails that were braid
Departit, over the feldis raid,
The sone was brycht and syhning cler,
And armouris that burnyst wer
Sa blomit with the sunnis beme
That all the land was in a leme, (blaze.)
Banners right fayrly flaming
And pensils to the wynd waving,
Sa fele ther wer of ser quentis,
(So many there were of great quaintness.)
That it were gret slyght to devise."

On the other hand, Bruce reviews his troops, and finds them "of hardy countenance," and he who "knew him well" in such matter, rejoiced in their gallant bearing—

"And thought that men of sa gret will,
Giff thai wald set their will thartil,
Suld be full hard to win per-fay.
And as he met them in the way
He welcomit thaim with gladsum fare,
Speking gud wordis here and there.
And thai, that thair lord so mekely
Saw weleum thaim, and so hamely,
Joyful thai wer and thought that thai
Aught well to put them till assay
Of hard fechtung or stalwart sture
For to maynteynie his honour."

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On Sunday in the morning they heard mass, and were shried, many,

"That thought to die in that mellé,
Or then to mak their cuntre free.
To God for their right prayit thai.
Thar dynit nane of thaim that day
Bot, for the vigil of Sanct John,
Thai fastit water and breid upon."

A number of admirable incidents serve as a prelude to the great battle—Douglas hastening to Randolph's rescue when surrounded by the enemy, against the desire of the king, but stopping when he sees his friend likely to have the better by his own force, lest he might deprive him of some of the praise to be won—Bruce's own encounter with Sir Henry de Bohun—the kneeling of the Scotch army, and the different inferences of the rash Edward and the veteran De Umphravil.

"The Scottis men commounaly
Knelyt all doune to God to pray,
And a short prayer thar made they
To God to help them in that fycht.
And when the Inglis king had sycht
Of thaim kneling, he said in hy,
'Yon folk knel to ask mercy.'
Sir Ingraham said, 'Ye say suth now,
Thai ask mercy, but nane at you.'"

After this solemn note of preparation, the battle follows with good picturesque effect. The mighty host of England broken against the wall of Scotch spears, the crash of lances, the breaking of armor, the confusion and slaughter, the grass red with blood, and the panic and flight, are given with some Homeric power. Afterwards the conduct of the weak Edward, who allowed Sir Aymer de Valence to lead him away by his bridle-rein, is contrasted very skilfully with the chivalry of Sir Giles de Argenteyn, who might not flee, and spurred to meet death in battle, shouting his war-cry, "De Argenté."

We owe to Barbour the earliest notices of popular Celtic poetry, of Gaul-Macmorni and Fingal, together with many Norman romances, the possession of which would now be above all price. But some of the pictures in which these are introduced, derive a higher interest from other sources. Almost at the lowest of Bruce's fortunes, when his little band of faithful followers, Douglas, de la Hay, Campbell, and his brother Nigel, were joined by their ladies,

"That for leyle luff, and lawté,
Wald partneris of their painis be,"

and were wandering in the hills of Perthshire, destitute of all necessities and of food, Barbour describes Douglas, who is always his favorite hero, as very active in procuring it, sometimes venison, sometimes fish, which he caught with "gynnes," and sometimes making a foray into the low country for cattle. The king was always their comforter, supporting them by his example, and cheering them with stories from history and romance.

"And fenyeit to mak better cher,
Then he had matir to, be far;
For his causse geid fra ill to war."

At length the ladies' strength quite failed, and it was resolved to send them for security, under the charge of Nigel Bruce, to Kildrumny. The king gave up the horses of his party for their service, and resolved that he and his followers should henceforth go on foot.

"The queyne, and all hyr company,
Lap on thair horsse, and furth thai fare.
Men mycht have sene wha had bene there,
At leve takyng the ladyis grete
And mak ther face with teris wet;
And knightis, for thar luffis sake,
Bath sigh, and wep, and murning make;
Thai kissit thair luffis at thair partyng."

With such touches of gentleness does the old poet know to relieve his stern story of hardship and battle.

Bruce was now making his way for Cantyre, where he was to spend the winter. On the journey they had to cross Loch-Lomond, and for that purpose, only one little boat, fit to carry three at a time, which had been sunk for hiding, was found by the indefatigable James of Douglas. During the time that was consumed in crossing the lake,

"The king, the whilis, meryly
Red to thaim that war him by,
Romanys of worthi Ferambrace,
That worthily ourcumyn was,
Throw the rycht douchty Olywer;
And how the Douse pairs wer
Assegyt intill Egrymor,
Whar King Lawyne lay thaim befor,
With may thowsandis then I can say."

The gud king upon this maner
Comfortit thaim that war him nere;
And maid thaim gamin and solace,
Till that his folk all passit was."

Bruce, in an address to his soldiers before battle, tells them—

"He that dois for his cuntre
Sall herberit in Hevin be."

Barbour's impassioned apostrophe to freedom is not to be passed over, though more commonly quoted.

"Ah fredome is a nobil thing!
Fredome makis man to have liking (*delight*)
Fredome all solace to man's giffis
He levis at ese, that freely levis.
A nobil hart may have none ese,
Na ellis noght that may him please
Gif fredome failyie; for fre liking
Is yarnif (*desired*) our all other thing.
Na he that ay has levit fre
May nocht know weill the properte;
The anger, na the wretchit dome
That is couplit to foule thryldome.
Bot gif he had assayit it,
Than all per quer he suld it wit;
And suld think fredome mare to pryse
Than all the gold in warld that is."

We have dwelt so long upon the fine old poem because we think it deserves to be better known than it now is. It is a proud thing to have given a subject for such an Odyssey, and to have had a poet worthy to celebrate it.

The soul of Bruce did not revive in his son, and it was hard for the people to struggle without a leader against the power and art of the sovereigns of England. But the Scotch spirit cannot be said to have failed. In the worst of times, it showed itself in the brief reply of the Parliament to the proposal of Edward for the union of the crowns—"nunquam se velle consentire Anglicum super se regnare;" and is apparent even in the son of the

first Stewart being obliged to change his name from John to avoid the evil omen and hateful recollections that were associated with the unhappy Balliol.

It is something for a nation to have a common principle and feeling, even though it should be only detestation of its oppressors. An English war became actually a part of the policy of the state; and the national love of independence henceforth took the shape of a cordial and hearty hatred of England and everything English, which was destined long afterwards to contribute largely towards the most important events of our history.

When Charles I. attempted to impose a liturgy upon Scotland, detestation of the English source from which it emanated, and the English authority by which it was to be enforced, gave heat to the theological and doctrinal objections entertained to the service-book itself. Gillespie's famous book, which elicited the first spark of the literary controversy that preceded an appeal to other arguments, was entitled the "English-Popish Ceremonies Displayed." Resistance to English rule was the patriotic principle of that age, and its effect on Scotland we are prepared for; but it is the most wonderful, and we may be allowed to say, the most providential fruit of such a feeling, that the Scotch movement, (to use the words of Mr. Hallam,) "in its ultimate results, preserved the liberties, and overthrew the monarchy of England."—*Const. Hist. Eng.*, vol. ii., p. 465.

It was to a more peaceful rivalry with England, that our country even before the union owed such great enterprises of foreign trade, as the Darien Scheme and the African Company—undertakings beyond her strength; the issue of which might have discouraged a different people. But unfortunate as they were, they planted in Scotland the seeds of that commercial spirit which has led in our own time to such a marvellous height of prosperity.

It is difficult for one acquainted with Scotland only as it is, to carry the mind back to its state at the period preceding the union. Our country then consisted of two great divisions, inhabited by people of different races, and differing in language and manners. The larger in surface, a range of mountain pastures, was held by Celts, possessing all the peculiarities of that people unmodified, and many of the common characteristics of pastoral and half-savage life—faithful, brave, hardy, patient of suffering, but constitutionally indolent, incapable of sustained exertion, and superstitiously averse to change. Difference of language severed them from the governing class; and the mass of this people recked little of political rights or national advantages. They had lived hitherto regardless of all law but the will of their chiefs, and knowing no patriotism beyond a passionate attachment to their native glens. The Scotch Celt has the courtesy of an ancient family, and a tinge of poetry inseparable from a shepherd life among the mountains. The seeds of romance and poetry perhaps lie deeper in his dreaming nature; but as a people, the Highlanders had never shown any public spirit, properly so called, nor much capacity for letters or science, or mental exertion. In all political questions, this large portion of the people and its opinion were in fact to be discounted.

Across the "Highland Line" was a people differing in all respects from their northern neighbors, and much nearer akin to the "auld enemies of England" than they were at all conscious of. The eastern and southern provinces, speaking generally

the agricultural land of Scotland, including all its towns, has, for seven centuries, been occupied by a people of mixed Saxon, Flemish, and Danish blood; at any rate, of Teutonic race and language not to be mistaken, and with the hereditary features of their race. The Lowland Scot is frugal, patient of toil, cautious, yet not cowardly, nor devoid of enterprise, sober-minded, not generally imaginative, but with a vein of romance capable of being excited to the highest enthusiasm, and tenacious of his purpose to a degree of great obstinacy. In spite of local circumstances, this people had early taken a part in the intellectual struggle of Europe. A national system of schools had spread the benefit of education through all classes. They certainly were not eager or bustling politicians; but in questions which they felt to affect their liberty or religion, no people could be more zealous.

At the period preceding the union, the people of the Lowlands had no sympathy with their Highland countrymen. Aliens in blood and language, they regarded them only as lawless and dangerous neighbors. On the other hand, the old feud with England had not been appeased, when Cromwell laid his heavy hand upon them; and the misgovernment of the two kings who succeeded him made the name of Englishman synonymous with injustice and oppression in Scotland. The result of the Darien expedition, in which a multitude of young Scotch adventurers perished miserably, had, of new, roused the passions of the whole people against England, and the tragedy of Glencoe had inspired something of a national feeling of horror and indignation among the Highlanders.

It is now a century and a half since the union incorporated two countries which nature had joined, and the passions of men had so long put asunder. The measure was as unpopular at first as ever a subsequent union has been in Ireland. It must always, indeed, with the most phlegmatic people, be irksome to suffer conjunction with a greater and richer state. It seemed as if an ancient kingdom, of no obscure history and literature, full of high memories, not decayed or barbarized, were about to lose its identity—its national existence, and be degraded into a province. Lord Belhaven, and the patriot party, denounced the measure in the Scotch Parliament as a "patricide"—worse than parricide; and members who voted for the government scheme, many of whom were bribed, were in great danger from the mob. How the event has verified these predictions of evil may be best gathered from comparing the state of the country then and now.

The best parts of Scotland were then poorly cultivated, producing scanty and precarious crops. There was no agricultural skill, no attention to stock, no capital nor energy among the farmers; and among the lower rural class, filth, rags, poverty tending ever towards starvation. In the towns, a petty peddling trade, no manufactures, somewhat more of the necessities and comforts of life, but (save the capital) none of its elegancies or refinements. No means of communication, no roads, except between the great towns; rarely bridges over the rivers; no harbors but such as bountiful nature provided.

Now, in every agricultural district, fields cultivated like gardens, sheep and cattle of choice breeds, crowded barn-yards, and comfortable farm-houses, mark the progress of the farming class; while smiling hamlets, not placed on the sweet village green and under the mighty trees of England, but substantial and cleanly, speak an in-

industrious, comfortable, and contented peasantry. Bridges have been built over all our rivers, and good roads lead everywhere, even into the fastnesses of the hills. Gentlemen's seats have been restored or created in immense numbers, and surrounded with ornamental culture; while planting and draining, on a large scale, have not only produced their immediate advantages, but have greatly improved the general climate and healthiness of the country.

It was to be expected that the towns and trading community would keep pace with the rural improvements; but the rapid rise of Scotch commerce and manufactures, the progress of the towns in wealth, comfort, and civilization, has been rapid beyond all calculation or precedent. This flood of improvement has swept away, in a great measure, the barriers that divided the different races of Scotchmen. The Gael, seduced from his hills by the temptations of the trading towns, has half adopted the Saxon improvements, while the southern Scot has learnt to value the Highlander and his beautiful country. Commercial prosperity has gone far to obliterate the old invidious limits that separated the class of gentry from the trading classes. Society has been hurrying forward so fast as to lose sight of caste.

We have got much from England besides wealth and an opening for enterprise. We have learned from her a respect for the laws and for order, and a purer standard of public and judicial conduct. We have benefited from contact with her freer institutions and noble character; but without losing our national identity. In a century after the union, the Scotch hatred to "the auld enemies of England," and John Bull's contempt for the name of Scot, had changed into mutual respect and the most wholesome rivalry and struggle for preëminence in commerce, arts, and literature. Clanship has disappeared with its mischiefs and its virtues, but it has left, we think, some notable traces. Distant cousinship, neglected in other countries, is here had in remembrance, and forms a bond of many-linked kindness. The Scotch peasant of every district, but especially of the Highlands, often claims kindred with some family of rank; and his claim is not always sneered at. This begets a better feeling between the different ranks of society, than, we fear, now exists in England; on one side, consideration and kindness; on the other, respect without servility. Our blue-bonnet may not have the sturdy independence of the English yeoman, but he has more courtesy and respect for rank, because he is better treated. The whipster is not of Scotch rearing who addresses the cottar with "You, sir," or speaks of our rustics as "clods," or by any newer equivalent designation. We believe such insolence is disappearing in England, but that country has a long, bad road to retrace before even her rural districts can be happy in the old mutual confidence and respect of the rich man and the poor.

We have said there was no love for England to smoothe the working of the union. Neither can it be said that since that event, our country has been dandled into life by partial or tender government. As a part of the United Kingdom, Scotland has been till lately much misgoverned, through the indifference and neglect of English statesmen, and the jobbing of Scotch subordinates. There have been two considerable rebellions, not originating in the old national feud, which yet threatened a war of races; the last of them suppressed with a feroc-

ity that savored of revenge for previous discomfiture. We have had faction and jobbing at home, and no want of those who blew up the flame of English prejudice against us. Over and through all these impediments, with no natural advantages of position, soil, or climate, Scotland has become prosperous and happy through the energy and prudence of her people, and by means of that national spirit which directed all individual acquisitions, all selfish gains, to feed the tide of national prosperity. Wherever, at the uttermost ends of the earth, an opening is found for enterprise, there, surely, a Scot is to be found, struggling with the foremost; and, when among the green recesses of our own hills, the traveller lights on a dwelling of more elegance than the neighboring cottages, there some native, returned from the burning east, has fixed his rest, to spread kindness and comfort around him, and to lay his bones at last among his own people.

The spirit is less fierce; it runs in other channels; but it flows as deep and strong as in the days of the old battle cry of "Independence." It has imbued our poetry, our whole literature, our music. From the days of Barbour, the songs of our hills and glens had turned upon subjects that excited the national feeling. The archdeacon, speaking of an exploit of Sir John Soullis in Eskdale, says, he needed not describe it, for it is the subject of a popular ballad:—

"Young women, when thai will play,
Syng it amang thaim ilka day;"

that ballad poetry, mixed with the gentler strains of Scotch pastoral, and with music as peculiar, has given to Scotchmen a bond of united feeling which time and distance cannot destroy.

A writer of the sixteenth century relates, how an English gentleman travelling in Palestine, not far from Jerusalem, as he passed through a country town, heard a woman, who was sitting at a door dandling her child, singing, "Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair." The gentleman hereat exceedingly wondered, and forthwith, in English, saluted the woman, who joyfully answered him, and said, she was right glad to see a gentleman of our isle, and told him that she was a Scotchwoman, and came first from Scotland to Venice, and from Venice thither, where her fortune was to be the wife of an officer under the Turk. (*Verstegan's Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*. Antw., 1605.) The fountain is not exhausted nor the stream dried up. The men in whom the peculiar genius of Scotland has shown itself with the greatest force are of our own time. Burns, in one of his early letters, writes:

"The appellation of a Scottish bard is by far my highest pride; to continue to deserve it is my most exalted ambition. Scottish scenes and Scottish story are the themes I could wish to sing. I have no dearer aim than to have it in my power to make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia; to sit on the fields of her battles; to wander on the romantic banks of her rivers; and to muse by the stately towers or venerable ruins, once the honored abodes of her heroes."

He describes himself as "saying a fervent prayer for old Caledonia over the hole in a blue whinstone where Robert de Bruce fixed his royal standard on the banks of Bannockburn," and says in his own vehement way, "The story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest."

Burns and Scott divide between them the field of the old unnamed bards of Scotland. Burns was the heir of their sweet pastorals and tender and melancholy love songs. Scott inherited undisputed dominion in the romantic and the historical ballad. But each brought something of his own that carried him far above the region of his predecessors. It is not only that Burns' songs have superseded the familiar time-honored lays sung by the whole people. In his "Cottar's Saturday Night," in his "Tam O'Shanter," and other poems, he has thrown a poetical halo around the national character, and fixed an ideal of Scotch rustic life which will raise it above vulgarity forever.

Scott says somewhere, that he was the first traveller that ever entered the remote district of Liddisdale in a wheel carriage. He was then collecting the materials of his Border Minstrelsy, and anxious to preserve the traditions of his beloved country. On passing lately through that district, we were assured that the old border traditions of Liddisdale are rapidly disappearing before the romantic fictions of Scott himself; and the glens and streams formerly remembered for the scene of some actual moss-trooping foray, are now associated with the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," or the adventures of Dandie Dinmont and Meg Merrilies. All who have visited Loch Katrine—and who has not? know that it is the same there, and that the boatmen on the lake, instead of chanting a Highland legend, show you the scene of the stag hunt—the place where died the "gallant grey," and the path by which Fitz James climbed into sight of the lake; while the beautiful islet that once rejoiced in a

hard Gaelic name is now known only as "Ellen's Isle."

These are the witcheries of genius, but it is a genius national in its essence, and heightening and spreading its nationality; it comprehends all classes, it makes itself felt by the most unimpressible; it affords a common ground for the most worldly and the most imaginative; for the utilitarian politician, and the poet in his finest frenzy. Harry Dundas and Robert Burns might meet there and feel for once alike.

If we seem to have kept out of view the other side of the picture—the national faults and prejudices of Scotland, it is not that we do not see and feel them. No one is so well aware of them as a countryman. The caricatures of Smollett, Scott, and Miss Ferrier are not less severe than those of Churchill and Foote; and they are truer to nature. But it is not for our present object to dwell upon our national foibles. They are as nothing, we say it with all humility, when compared with the benefits that we derive from our nationality.

The question of the ancient independence of Scotland, which once shook two nations, is now a matter simply of antiquarian curiosity. Dr. Lingard and Sir Francis Palgrave may be right or wrong in their constitutional view; we do not much care. According to our notion, our countrymen best proved their claim to independence by showing they were worthy of it. We would not willingly lose the memory of that independence, and of the struggle to defend it, because it seems to us to have been the foundation of what is best in the national character and genius.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Nov. 16.—J. Haviland, Esq., Architect, of Philadelphia, U. S., was elected an honorary and corresponding member.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Nov. 9.—Extracts from various letters were read.

Mr. Daniell, a medical gentleman, in the employ of some Liverpool merchants—who has been, at different times, and for some years, on the western coast of Africa, where he was very successful in preserving the health of the crews of several vessels—writes from Angola, May 1:—"I have been chiefly at Ambriz—and from thence to Loando city; at which place I was astonished to find heavy batteries and large granite and other houses, and well garrisoned by the Portuguese. I shall probably go into the Interior of Benguela, though I am equally anxious to investigate the countries to the northward of Congo. * * This coast is eminently unhealthy and deleterious to the white constitution. I met with a Portuguese who had travelled with a Kabookah (trading caravan) from Loando to the Mozambique; and who told me that there was no danger when some distance inland. In his last trip, which had been far to the northward, he had heard of a white man, still further in that direction. Who this could be, I cannot say."

From Lord Ranelagh, detailing his lordship's plans in reference to his intended expedition in South America. Accompanied by a number of scientific gentlemen, Lord Ranelagh proposes, in the first instance, to penetrate, by some of the great tributaries of the Amazon, into the interior of Bolivia—for which purpose a steamer will be taken out in pieces. Returning to the Amazon, his lordship and party will ascend this great river to its highest sources. The distance and means of communication between the Pacific and the basin of the Amazon will be minutely examined. During the progress of the

expedition, positions will be correctly laid down and mapped; and every possible information obtained that can add to commercial enterprise or scientific knowledge.

From Baron Wrangell, at St. Petersburg.—The Admiral writes to express the interest generally felt in the north for the results of our Arctic Expedition; and expresses his astonishment at the extent of our hydrographical labors, as detailed in the last Anniversary Address of the President. The maritime surveys in the Gulf of Finland are being carried on with activity by distinguished officers. The award of one of the Society's gold medals to Professor Middendorf has excited great interest among Russian geographers, and will, no doubt, act as a stimulus to their further exertions.

From Col. Helmersen:—who observes that the remarkable similarity between the Australian mountains and the Ural—they being alike in direction, height and geognostic character—leaves no doubt on his mind that auriferous and platiniferous sands will be found in the former, as they exist in the latter; and strongly recommends researches with a view to their discovery. The same features are also observed in Borneo; whence gold and platina have for years been extracted.

A communication from Sir J. H. Pelly:—announcing that the Hudson's Bay Company had fitted out a well-equipped expedition for the purpose of surveying the unexplored portion of the coast on the N. E. angle of the American continent. The expedition, which consists of thirteen persons, (two of them Essequibo guides,) is under the command of Mr. John Roe, one of the Company's officers. It started on the 5th of July, in two boats, under favorable circumstances, —the ice having cleared away from the shores of the bay at an earlier period of the summer than usual.—*Athenæum*.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE NEXT OF KIN.—A MEMOIR.

BY MRS. GORE.

CHAPTER I.

Is there a spot of earth in this world of steam-carriages and steam-packets, where a man may sit down in peace and quietness to indite his memoirs? I have tried the country, I have tried the town—have fled forth like a raven from my ark, and found no resting-place for my desk—or, within my ark, fallen a prey to those spendthrifts of leisure, morning visitors, who, while squandering their own lives, involve their neighbors in their ruin. For three years past, have I been wandering from pillar to post, vainly biding my time to connect, with form and deliberation, the story of my life.

But alas! in this stirring, whirling world of locomotion, the free enjoyment of one's faculties, is unattainable. Those who live sufficiently involved in the throng to have learned anything worth mentioning, can never so isolate themselves as to reduce their discoveries to the concrete form of philosophy; and, albeit, convinced that no rational individual describes in detail the incidents of his fortunes, without affording to mankind a valuable lesson, I foresee that my projects of auto-biography are fated to abortion.

Last spring I screwed my courage to the sticking-place, resolved that, before the season was over, a portion at least of the fruits of my sweet and bitter experience should be committed to paper, that this century of seemings might bequeath to posterity one plain unvarnished daguerreotypied portrait of its features; and, shivering under the influence of a bitter February, and severe fit of the influenza, which left me phthisical, morose, and moral, opened with suitable dignity the ream of foolscap with which Houghton had armed me for my first literary campaign.

But, as the fine writers say, "It might not be!" The hunting season was at its acmé. Every fellow worth knowing was at Melton, or quartered on some country house in the neighborhood of one of the crack packs, and I was consequently marked out as a legitimate victim of the twaddlers left on the *paré*, of dinner-giving dowagers, and beau-less belles. Whoever had a good story to tell for which no audience was to be found at White's, forced his way into my sanctum. Whoever had set her heart upon a stall at the French play, besieged me with notes of beseechment. Not a moment of time was my own! In February, a crocus is a flower, and the only man in town an idol.

With graceful submission I allowed myself to be worshipped. But in the accomplishment of my new destinies, I was forced to exchange goose-quills for crowquills, and foolscap for note-paper, to unknot my contemplative brows and lay my leisure on the shelf—no longer privileged to think in set phrases, I spake with my tongue, and certain dinner-parties I could mention owed no small portion of their brilliancy to the explosion of the fire-works previously collected for the enlivenment of my pages. As when, after a municipal banquet has been provided for some royal traveller, who passes through a town without alighting, truffled *patés* are given away to the beggars, and the starving poor regaled with jellies and *bonbons*, I was forced to waste my piquant apothegms and scraps of philosophy upon country gentlemen, dull enough to be distinguished by their density, even in Parliament.

No evil spirit, however, less amenable to the exorcism of bell, book, and candle, than that of human vanity! Among the various species of monomania in fashion, few more engrossing than that of writing one's memoirs. Throughout the season I was haunted by my own wraith, imploring a local habitation and a name in library catalogues, or a "calf's skin to hang upon its recreant limbs;" and I have consequently acceded to the entreaty, and betaken myself in early summer to the country, in search of literary leisure. Here I am, unknown to kith or kin, to friend or foe, domiciliated in a "compact residence in the county of Devon," situated eight miles from the nearest market-town; hired solely with a view to authorship, though on sporting pretences.

But alas! not a whit the more advanced towards completion are my unlucky memoirs. The hum of the bees over the wild thyme, the song of the grasshopper in the field and nightingale in the thicket, have proved fifty times more enthralling than the chatter of the clubs or warblings of Grisi; and though these last may leave an enervating echo in the depths of one's mind, unfitting it for nobler exercise, no less disqualifying are the melodies of a May morning, when a single step from the dull study to the grassy lawn, enables one to watch the golden garlands of the laburnum and cones of the lilacs gradually brightening the shrubbery, the cistus flower expanding in the eye of day, and the blossoms of the fruit-trees fluttering to the ground as the wing of some passing bird startles the quiet orchard into vibration.

How is it possible for a fellow, who, for the last twenty years, has studied the smoke-dried face of nature in the London parks and squares—the gardens of the Tuileries and Villa Borghese, to plod over a desk, while sunshine and shade are tempting him forth!—Amid the delicious loungery of this savage place—riding, walking, boating—by daylight, moonlight, or twilight—the desk and foolscap seem far more out of place than within reach of the postman's bell!

After all, Balzac is right! It is easier to supply genius requisite for writing a book, than the perseverance which conquers time and place for the achievement. But if unable to abstract my attention here, from the attractions of the surrounding scenery, as in London, from the noisy frivolities of fashionable life, I may at least snatch a moment now and then to jot down a few dates and incidents, that will lessen hereafter the labor of my task. The roughest sketch is so much gained over my indolent and desultory habits; and beside some cozy fireside, next winter, I will lick my cub into shape.

But what a scandal to one's intellect, that, at six-and-thirty, and after a wear-and-tear of constitution equivalent to ten years more, one's animal nature should have the best of it! How little did I think, on quitting Harrow some twenty years ago, with a competent knowledge of slang and cricket, and a sprinkling of classics and mathematics, that the lapse of years would find me only a greater boy! For, like all public schoolboys, I was *then* a man;—nay, a little old man, exhibiting the frightful maturity of the dwarfed forest trees of the Chinese. Byron was furiously the rage, especially among the Harrovians;—and the military fever engendered among the rising youth of Britain by the peninsular campaigns, having given place to a genteel misanthropy, not a brat of us but was an utterer of forged rhymes;—the sentimental, in the tone of the Corsair—the pedantic, in that of the Childe Harold—

the reckless in that of Don Juan. Between the pauses of law and trapball, we discovered ourselves to be victims to "anguish and remorse;" and no wiser than my neighbors, I sauntered Childe-ishly into life, with pretended listlessness; trusting that foreign travel and fashionable experience might hereafter perfect my idiosyncrasy into something between a Mephistophiles and a Cain. Just as Goethe's Werter had placed pistols in the hands of Young Germany fifty years before, did Byronism dog'-ear our shirt-collars, and pervert our boyish spirits into the dumps!

Yet never had a young fellow less pretext than myself for affecting the vein of Jacques!

Happiness woo'd me in her best array.

From my cradle, I had known neither cross nor care. I was the only son of a rich banker; who, though my mother died so early in my childhood that I scarcely remembered her, had found no time or inclination to marry again, to give me a rival in his affections.

Had I been the eldest son of a duke, my faults of temper and frailties of temperament could not have been more diligently fostered; and I look upon my present excellence of constitution as little short of miraculous. When I recall to mind the zeal of the head nurse and daily apothecary by whom I was physicked—the spirited efforts of my Shetland pony to break my bones—and the nursery diet of a capital French cook.

Our beautiful villa at Putney was renowned for its dinners; and most days of the week, and from Saturday till Monday, all the weeks of the year were my father's claret and conversation applauded as *première qualité* by the leading men about town. A bachelor's hall kept open by liberal housekeeping, is pretty sure to be popular; and even among better judges than his noble, ministerial, and even royal guests, the gentlemanly manners and joyous spirits of the proprietor of Hilfield Lodge, accredited the verdict of St. James'-street, that "Tom Ashworth was the best fellow in the world!"

As every one did what they pleased in his house, it was not likely that his only son should be the single exception. Till I went to Harrow, I was despotic as an autocrat, even over my cringing tutors; and though I brought home with me, on leaving school, a canker gnawing at the core, quite painfully enough to justify me in turning down my shirt collars, and disfiguring with halting stanzas the blank pages of my copy-books, it was of a nature which my father's indulgence seemed rather to stimulate than assuage.

Still flourishing on the fame of Peel and Byron, Harrow vied with Eton in the insolence of its aristocratic pretensions; and though haunches of venison and leashes of pheasants secured from those in authority indulgence towards the plebeianism of the banker's son, the honorables of my form took care that I should hear enough of scrip and omnium! To them the profusion of my pocket-money and splendors of my study, were at once an object of envy and insult; and when I progressed from Harrow to the private tutor's, who had still to teach me reading, writing, and ciphering, as a preparation for college, there was at least one branch of education which I had acquired to perfection, viz., that it is a finer thing to be a Percy with three farthings a year, than an Ashworth with thrice three thousands.

"To which of the great powers is your father ambassador?" was one day the impertinent inquiry

of Lord Henry Eden, a younger son of the master of the horse, when our somewhat showy equipage happened to jostle in the court-yard the jingling postchaise in which he was about to proceed to Eden Castle for the holidays. "I always fancied you belonged to Ashworth and Co. But your body coachman, my dear fellow, is half a dozen stone too heavy for a commoner!"

The last feat by which I signaled myself at Harrow, was the infliction of severe punishment in a stand-up fight on Lord Henry's elder brother, the Earl of Fitzalwyn, for addressing me by the insolent nickname of "Count Till." But, beaten as he was, I was the greater sufferer—having to carry home with me the Parthian dart of bitter humiliation.

Among the lessons of worldly wisdom a lad acquires at a public school, is a mistrust of his social position. Every latent blot or blemish disgracing his family is sure to be paraded before his eyes; and happy those who have nothing worse to learn of the author of their days, than that he is in the enjoyment of ten thousand a year derived from a commercial calling.

How well I remember blushing to the roots of my hair when twitted by noble paupers with our vulgar opulence! Regarding Fitzalwyn and his brother as the representatives of their caste, I consequently never saw my father surrounded by his noble guests without suspecting they were either making use of him, or making game; assured that Ashworth the banker was held as cheap by them, as his son by their sons. Our gorgeous hospitalities at Hilfield Lodge mortified me to death; and if, among my father's city contemporaries, our house had come to be designated the house of lords, I doubted not that *among* the lords, it was regarded as little better than a *Mont de Piété*!

The consequence was that indulgences which would have delighted any other lad of my age, served only to provoke my disgust. My father's service of plate and hogsheds of claret constituted the fountain head of my Byronic scorn; and satisfied that the degradation of city opulence might have made a Lara of Sancho Panza, received most ungraciously the gift of the showy horse and well-appointed cab, which I feared might attract fatal attention to my deficiencies.

I remember trembling lest my crest and cipher on the plate of a costly dressing-box (which all my prohibitions could not prevent the Bond-street builder from exhibiting in his shop-window) should betray it to be the property of "Count Till!" and on one occasion when a young friend, whom I had obliged in his difficulties, applied for a further loan, had the meanness to pretend to be out of funds, lest the readiness of the banker's son in such emergencies should pass into a proverb. My pitiful vanity, however, was fitly rewarded; for, knowing me to be "as rich as a Jew," they decided me to be as sordid—an hereditary screw—a banker by right divine—a money-spinner at heart.

Thank Heaven, I loved my father too dearly not to keep careful watch over the betrayal of my contempt. For worlds would I not have uttered a word to vex him. There was no opinion of the fashionable clubs in which I more fully coincided, than that "Ashworth was the best fellow breathing." Nor, indeed, had I the smallest pretext for the avowal of my aversion to his calling; for I was not destined to succeed him as a man of business. Either he disliked the vocation, or had realized a sufficient independence to facilitate my enfranchise-

ment; for whenever my future prospects were discussed in presence of the greatest of his great friends, he never failed to mention, in presenting me to their acquaintance, that I was intended for a diplomatic career. How intended, I know not; my proficiency as a linguist or historian scarcely qualifying me for a king's messenger! But my merits were taken upon trust. At ten years old, my health used to be drunk at my father's table as "the young plenipo.;"—at sixteen, as "*Monsieur l'attaché*;" and several of the most Percified of my Harrow contemporaries being destined for the same occupation, I was thankful for my father's discriminating avoidance in my behalf of the gorgeous ignominies of money-making.

It sometimes struck me as singular that, among the multitude of guests who succeeded each other at Hilfield, all of whom my father called his friends, there came none whom he called relations. In the frankness of boyhood, I one day asked him whether we were the first of our race, that there were neither uncles nor cousins among the many who criticised his claret. His evasive answer, that "he had outlived his family, save very distant relations, and was on bad terms with that of my mother," fully satisfied me: in the first place, because I was of an uninquiring mind; in the second, because as selfish as an oyster. The luxurious habits in which I had been encouraged, rendered everything indifferent that did not militate against my personal comfort.

Such is usually the case with a young man reared in a house devoid of female society; the selfishness of women leaving little room for the expansion of any other egotism than their own.

CHAPTER II.

LET me spare the reader the recital of my college exploits. The world has heard more than enough of late years of the slaug of the universities; and Cantabs being usually voted bores in society, I know not why they should pretend to be better company in a book.

All I permit myself to remark *en passant* is, that the dread with which the sneers of Fitzalwyn and his brother inspired me of the imputation of purple-pride, had so far a salutary effect, as to compel me to seek other modes of distinction. I not only negatived the title of Count Till, by scrupulous plainness in my dress and simplicity in my habits; but achieved honors which, had a passion for luxurious display been uppermost in my mind, would have been out of the question. Though the two Edens took care to let it reach my ears, that by losing a ridiculous distinction, I had sunk into a nonentity—that I must be "*aut Tillus, aut nihil*;" I had no longer a raw to be susceptible to their cutting remarks. They were sons of a duke, and I of a banker. But knowing myself to be their superior in every other point, so long as I pretended to be nothing more than the son of a banker, I was safe.

At first my father appeared a little mortified by my scrupulous insignificance. Though kind and affectionate as ever, I saw that he was disappointed. When he found me select my associates in my own rank of life, rather than in that in which he was accustomed to move, he secretly reproached me, I suspect, with a want of proper pride. Whereas it was an excess of pride that kept me aloof from those who had an advantage over me.

So long, however, as I abstained from the contrary extreme of seeking to predominate in inferior

society, he attempted no remonstrance; and before I completed my second year at Cambridge, I noticed a change even in his own habits of life. If still the best fellow in the world, he was no longer the merriest; and, the hospitalities of Hilfield being considerably curtailed, lords were becoming almost as rare there as state-dinners.

I might have been induced to hope that his mind was enlightened like my own to the hollowness of fashionable friendships, but that an old housekeeper, of whom I had been the pet in childhood, whispered, on the eve of my return to college; that, altered as I might find Hilfield, a still more unacceptable domestic change was in contemplation; that her master was paying his addresses to one of our Putney neighbors; a rich and crabbed old maid, of the name of Greenwood, of whom I had heard him speak in terms of such vile disparagement, that I could not laugh loud enough at so preposterous a notion! The servants' hall had evidently mistaken the purport of his services to the wealthy spinster; whom he was ambitious of converting, *not* into a wife but a constituent.

My first impulse was to rush to his study and divert him with this absurd report, but on reaching it I found, for the first time in my life, and to my great surprise, that the door was locked! When my father's voice inquired from within by whom he was disturbed, so much was I startled by the unusual occurrence, that my voice actually faltered as I announced myself.

It was Sunday—the only morning of the week he ever spent at Hilfield—when, after morning service, it was his custom to accompany me in the round of the shrubberies and offices, or occasionally to pay visits to our neighbors, and so regular was the routine of his life that I was almost as much struck by this slight infringement, as to find, when he opened the door, that the room was full of the fumes of burnt papers, and that my father's face was pale—his manner incoherent. Confused in my turn, instead of adverting to the real object of my intrusion, I hurried to one of the book-cases, and began earnestly examining the books as if in search of a particular volume, which, having found, I quitted the room without a syllable.

That day we had a large dinner-party—now a rare occurrence at Hilfield—and, as in more hospitable days, two of the guests were to sleep there and return to town on the morrow with my father. Having to set off for Cambridge at a still earlier hour, I determined to take my leave of him in the drawing-room when our visitors retired for the night, and, if possible, lead to the subject of the report I had heard, by adverting to his morning's occupation and emotion, which lent some coloring to what I had previously regarded as fabulous. But my father's heart was now as closely locked as the study-door! He evidently did not choose to be questioned. Insisting on escorting his friends to their dressing-rooms, he took a hasty leave of me in their presence, averting his face as he pressed my hand at parting, as if afraid of leaving even his countenance open to my interrogation!

Scarcely less disturbed than himself, I had not courage to increase his emotion by asking an interview in his own room, but made up my mind to write with frankness the moment I arrived at Cambridge for the satisfaction of my misgivings. Scarcely, however, had I quitted home on the morrow, when I repented my reserve and pusillanimity. Even if my father had been trepanned into matrimonial engagements with this odious hag, my

eloquence and earnestness might still perhaps avail to dissuade him from the sacrifice of our domestic comfort. Bad enough to have borne the reproach of riches amassed in business, I had not courage to confront the obloquy of an increase of fortune connected with the stigma of such a stepmother.

The day after my arrival at Trinity I hastened to address him on the subject, when lo! just as I was throwing off my first apologetic sentences, my servant burst into the room with an air of consternation, to apprise me that an express had that moment arrived from town with the news of Mr. Ashworth's dangerous illness, and that my father's partner requested my immediate return.

Before he uttered another syllable—before I either saw the messenger or opened the letter of which he was bearer, my presentiment forewarned me that all was over!

I scarcely remember *how* I reached London, or in what terms I was acquainted that my poor father had been found lifeless in his carriage that morning when it stopped at the banking-house door. A coroner's inquest had already brought in a verdict of "apoplexy," on the showing of the family physician that from the attitude in which the body was found, Mr. Ashworth must have died in a fit shortly after leaving Hilfield—an end long predicted from his sedentary habits and indulgences as a *bon-vivant*.

Among the mourning-coachfuls of friends who attended him to his last home, scarcely one but admitted he "had always expected poor Ashworth would go off suddenly some day or other—that he lived too well, and took too little exercise—and that timely bleeding would doubtless have saved his life." It was only his son who saw further than friend or physician! for it was only his son who had watched beside the blackening corpse, and insisted on the early soldering of the coffin lest the suspicions of another should be equally awakened.

The statement of the old housekeeper concerning his deportment on the day I quitted home first excited my misgivings. After spending a solitary evening in the arrangement of papers, he had flung himself, in his clothes, not on his own bed but upon mine, where he was heard moaning heavily throughout the night, and though this circumstance was as easily attributable to illness as despair, the fact that a phial of prussic acid was missing from his medicine-chest, left me as little in doubt as though I had seen him throw it from the carriage-window after swallowing the contents, that he had committed self-destruction!

How bitterly did I now reproach myself with want of energy in submitting to be so lightly parted with! Whatever the origin of my poor father's distraction, the affectionate sympathy of his son must have soothed his mind, and *might* have counteracted his fatal resolution. I felt as if an accomplice in his terrible purpose! The shame of having to announce his wretched marriage to me had, perhaps, driven him to despair. But might not the match itself be the miserable consequence of a reverse of fortune? No matter! Whatever the origin of the act, the result was the same! I had lost my only friend, and the Hilfield to which I returned after the funeral was a desert! No will being found, I became the heir and representative of him who was gone, and now that he *was* gone, I learned fully to appreciate his affection, his indulgence, and the comfort, the *unspeakable* comfort of having a better self to whom to appeal for counsel and consolation in the emergencies of life!

The insolence of my former disgusts at our position in society grew painfully apparent. While reflecting thus, I had dared despise the condition of so good a father, I felt that I deserved my bereavement. Nay, if my suspicions were well-founded, how could I be certain that among the cares which had perplexed to madness the mind of the victim, was not the discovery of my unfilial contempt?

On these points I was fated to early and terrible enlightenment; while my father's partners pressed me with indecent haste to administer to his estate, his solicitor prudently advised me to pause ere I committed myself.

"You fancy, then," said I, "that a will may yet be found!"

Mr. Trapham shook his head with a face even more dolorous than became his deep mourning.

"I am inclined on the contrary to fear," said he, "that my late client died not only intestate, but insolvent!"

At any other moment I should have been as ready to deride the imputation as the report of the old housekeeper concerning his marriage. But I was too sorrowful even for contradiction.

"It is necessary, sir, that you should know the truth," said he. "For sometime past Mr. Ashworth's affairs have been hopelessly deranged; at the moment of his death, a crash was hourly expected; and the match to which he had recently turned his thoughts was, I suspect, rather a pretext to tranquillize the fears of his creditors, than a serious project. The report saved him for a time. But nothing could have prevented, and nothing *will* prevent, the catastrophe now imminent. The firm of Ashworth & Co. is on the eve of bankruptcy, and my serious advice is, that you decline administering to the estate."

"Might not such a refusal strike the first blow at the credit of my late father?" said I, in a voice faltering with consternation.

"Nothing you could do would save it," replied Trapham, "and the attempt might involve you in irretrievable ruin. The partners are acting unhand-somely in pressing you into danger. They are aware, that under a deed of trust you are entitled to twenty thousand pounds, which might keep the banking-house open a few weeks longer."

"Then in God's name let them have it," cried I. "My father's name has been too closely connected with their detestable house not to pledge me deeply to its sustenance."

"You are equally pledged to prevent your father's son from going barefoot!" was the cool rejoinder of the lawyer. "The settlement in question was in existence when he entered the firm; so that, in conscience as well as law, these people have no claim upon you. In short, my dear sir, the only thing to be done is to let matters take their course. But for the late sad events, the name of my poor client would have appeared in next week's gazette; nor can I doubt that the agitation of mind arising from such a prospect, produced the congestion of the brain which ended his days."

What a reflection, and what a prospect! What scales fell from my eyes in the course of the ensuing hour! How differently was I now tempted to regard the prodigalities I had loathed only as the insignia of a commercial calling. Hitherto I had despised them as vulgar: I now learned to abhor them as criminal!

Yet even the free indulgence of my feelings on this point was denied me. Under that roof, where

the echoes of my father's voice still appeared to linger—within those walls the witnesses of his unceasing indulgence—to weigh his errors in the balance seemed almost parrieidal. I expressed, therefore, as strongly as my emotion would allow, my desire to hear as little as possible of the past; empowered Trapham to signify to Ashworth & Co. my intentions; and, having at my disposal a few hundred pounds, (the remnant of my poor father's ill-judged liberality,) determined to withdraw at once from the scene of so much anguish and remorse. Thoughtful even in his thoughtlessness, he had contemplated and facilitated the measures likely to become necessary. His private papers were destroyed, the wages of his servants paid, the house in order to be abandoned to the hands of strangers. At every fresh proof of premeditation I shuddered! How terrible must have been the state of his mind while thus providing for my orphanhood—how stern his self-control in denying himself the solace of a parting embrace of the son for whom he was so considerably providing!

"You will yourself become a creditor on the estate," observed Trapham, when next he waited upon me to apprise me that his anticipations were realized, and that the banking-house would not open on the morrow. "The proceeds of the trust-money standing in the name of your trustees having been duly received by your father, it does not appear that he ever reinvested them for your benefit."

"Because my expenses absorbed the income."

"To the amount of nearly eight hundred a year! Scarcely, I think! At all events a parent is bound to maintain his child; and the Court of Chancery would, I doubt not, decree that his estate was liable for the arrears, or perhaps make the trustees themselves accountable for what they were wholly unjustifiable in leaving at his disposal."

"And who are the trustees?"

"Your uncle, Sir Ralph Western, is the only survivor. On the death of his brother, the dean, who was the other trustee, the appointment of a successor was neglected."

"My uncle, Sir Ralph Western!" cried I. "How I am an uncle surviving!"

"Are you in earnest in this profession of ignorance, my dear Mr. Ashworth?" gravely demanded the solicitor.

"Perfectly so. I was aware that my mother's maiden name was Western. But my father was a person who did not choose to be interrogated. When he told me he had survived most of his relations, and was on bad terms with those of my mother, I was satisfied. I asked no further. His affection sufficed me—his liberality sufficed me. I had no occasion to trouble myself about distant relatives."

"But an uncle!"

"Till this moment, I had not the remotest surmise of his existence; and he is probably still ignorant of mine."

"Impossible! Sir Ralph is your trustee; your nearest friend; and, till the attainment of your majority three months hence, your natural guardian. I have already written to apprise him of the fatal events in his family."

To have the claims of kindred thus assigned to one who was more than a stranger to me, seemed utterly unaccountable; nor was my wonder lessened when there arrived, the following day, a stiff,

quaint letter, addressed to Trapham, but containing a long message to myself, couched in such terms as might have been expected from a proud old county baronet, to a nephew in the enjoyment of ten thousand a year, amassed in trade, of whom he knew, and wished to know, nothing.

I was bitterly mortified: mortified, because I was just beginning to understand the value of human relationships; mortified, because the man of business witnessed this tacit rejection.

"It is I who am in fault, and not Sir Ralph," observed Trapham, discerning the air of petulance with which I threw him back his letter. "Had I explained to him the state of your father's affairs rather than the circumstances of his death, he would have written more graciously."

"You know him then," said I, "that you form inferences from his character?"

"Only from a slight professional intercourse in behalf of my late client. Sir Ralph is a man of reserved habits, proud, morose, and what the world calls close and disagreeable. His animosity to your father knew no bounds. But, considering the peculiar circumstances of his marriage, that perhaps was scarcely to be wondered at."

I knew of no "peculiar circumstances!" I scarcely dared inquire into their nature. But it was time I acquired courage to meet my fortunes face to face. From no one, moreover, could I obtain an insight into our family secrets, on less painful terms, than from my father's confidential adviser.

The truth was soon told. But why wrap it up in the ambiguous phrases in which it was enveloped by the blandly-spoken solicitor! My mother was the amiable but frightfully-deformed sister of Sir Ralph Western; my father, the clerk of his country attorney, who had founded his after-fortunes on her dowry of fifty thousand pounds. Regarding him as a low-born adventurer, the whole Western family threw them off from the moment of her marriage; nor had Sir Ralph and his brother, the dean, consented to become trustees for her child to a sum of money bequeathed by a maiden aunt of my poor mother, save on the express condition that the concession was to involve no personal communication with the Ashworth family. Though his sister died soon after my birth, time had effected so little towards the removal of his prejudices, that, by his dearest friends, he had never been heard to mention her name.

"Nevertheless," observed Trapham, after acquainting me with these particulars, "the cause of Sir Ralph's aversion being removed, there is no reason he should not be on friendly terms with a nephew, who, in the event of the death of his only son, would be his next of kin."

"And do you suppose me so base," cried I, "as to wish to be on a friendly footing with an enemy of my father?"

"Between ourselves, my dear sir," remonstrated the professional man, "I foresee so much difficulty, so much litigation in the winding up of your affairs, that the more friends you secure to yourself the better. Your name is about to be exposed to a disagreeable publicity. I fear you must accustom yourself to find as much blame imputed to the late Mr. Ashworth for the recklessness of his speculations and the prodigality of his habits, as he encountered in his lifetime by having formed one strange alliance for money, and contemplated the formation of another. For your own sake, you

will retreat as far as possible from the discussion of these delicate matters. And where could you find a refuge more appropriate or authorized than with the family of your late mother?"

The plea was unanswerable, and inexpressible my dread lest it should be withheld. Yet such is the perversity of human nature when its original sin has been fostered like mine, in the hot-bed of prosperity, that when an invitation really arrived from Sir Ralph to visit him at Western Hall, I affected to hesitate; complained that his letter was stiff—his tone haughty, as though it were possible that, because the obstacle which had divided me from my maternal kindred was suddenly removed, we should rush at once into each other's arms, as in the last scene of a melodrama!

One only portion of my uncle's letter pleased me. He proposed that the management of my pecuniary interests should be wholly adjusted between his solicitors and mine. He was evidently a man of feudal habits, accustomed to do the dirty work of life by proxy. The table of the money-changers was to him as a carpenter's-bench.

I accepted, however, by Trapham's advice, the temporary home he offered, and scarcely dare avow, even to myself, with how little reluctance I quitted Hilfield! Already I had begun to regard the place with disgust. At once the fruit, origin, and evidence of family disgrace, the gorgeous modern elegance of the place was now as offensive to my principles as it had ever been to my taste. I detested even the distant view of the old cedars adorning the lawn of that hateful old hag at Greenwood House! I shuddered whenever I passed the study door. In place of the yearning and regrets which generally accompany the necessity of parting from a place wherein one's childhood has been passed, it was a comfort to know that the auctioneer appointed by the assignees of the estate of Ashworth and Co., was only waiting for my departure to turn in his horde of Huns for the concoction of his catalogue. Already the sale was advertised in the daily papers. I only trusted that the purchaser might be a man of virtue, and demolish the house brick by brick; or at least convert its Palladian elegance into rustic or Gothic.

So thoroughly had I been absorbed by preparations for this wondrous change in my destinies, the adjustment of the various claims upon me, and the instructions of Trapham and Co.—that, till I found myself in a corner of the north mail on my road into Westmoreland, to muse through the solitary hours of a lovely night in May, unmolested by the slumbers of my companions, I found no leisure to notice that, from the day of my father's funeral to that of my farewell to Hilfield, not a soul of the many who followed him to the grave had been at the trouble of inquiring after his son! I was known to be a minor; and even before the ruin of the house of Ashworth and Co. transpired, it was certain that the French cook would be dismissed and the cellars closed; so that for some time to come there could be no possible motive for troubling their heads concerning me. Earls, ambassadors, and members of parliament had done quite sufficient honor to the wealthy banker who had such frequent occasions of obliging them, by eating his dinners while living, and allowing their carriages to follow his hearse when dead.

But when his name, instead of gaining a sumptuous sarcophagus, appeared in the Gazette, they felt of course somewhat indignant at his having presumed

to invite them so often. As he could not but have foreseen his impending ruin, he should have had the decency to withdraw from their acquaintance. Had any one questioned them concerning the fate of "the young plenipo.," they would have been as much surprised as if interrogated concerning the name and prospects of their dustman.

As this conviction gradually dawned on my mind, all the misanthropy I had formerly affected, took possession of my feelings. No further need to dog's-ear my shirt-collars in attestation of my contempt for human nature! I was in the vein to have flung off a canto of "Don Juan," at a sitting!

It was a relief, therefore, to turn from such humiliating reflections to anticipations of my fate to come; and, compared to the stony ingratitude of the men of clubs, even my uncle's formalities became palatable. For he *was* my uncle. On *him*, at least, I had a claim. Western Hall was the birthplace of her who had given me birth—the home of her childhood as well as the appointed Zoar of her son.

CHAPTER III.

It will readily be supposed that I had by this time managed to obtain a few particulars concerning the unknown relatives who seemed likely to be my only friends now that wounded pride kept me aloof from communication with the few college chums to whom I had wantonly accorded the name.

In such a house as Hilfield, peerages and baronetcies were not wanting, and I scarcely know whether it afforded me greater pain or pleasure, to discover that the Westfems were of Saxon origin—highly connected in every century—raised to a baronetcy by Charles I.,—and distinguished by hereditary honors which at once infused good blood into my veins, and entitled Sir Ralph Western and his son to look down upon me as a city mushroom.

For, as I have already stated, he had a son—a son three years older than myself—a son whose mother, Lady Margaret Western, being a Howard by descent, could not fail to hold himself superior to his city cousin.

By the dates set forth in the volume I consulted, Sir Ralph appeared to have married somewhat late in life, after the death of the numerous children of his brother the dean, who had also connected himself with the peerage; probably with a view to the perpetuation of the family—or perhaps in consequence of the desertion of his unfortunate sister, who, till her strange marriage, had presided over his establishment; and the birth of Cuthbert Western, which took place within the year, probably lessened his sense of arrogance when, three years afterwards, the woman apparently disqualified by her age and deformity for becoming a mother, engrafted a new and dishonoring branch upon the family tree.

Towards this cousin, so nearly of my own age, all my thoughts were now directed. Concerning Cuthbert Western, Trapham had no intelligence to impart, nor could my memory assist me. Had he added any remarkable qualities to his advantages of birth and fortune, the flourish of newspaper trumpets must, at four-and-twenty, have rendered his name familiar, either as a scholar or politician, a sportsman or dandy. But neither at Eton or Oxford had I ever heard of him; and I therefore concluded him to be a country boor, educated within

the precincts of Western Hall, without an ambition beyond his patrimony.

On him I felt that my future comfort must depend, far more than on an uncle seventy years of age; and already my mind misgave me that the son of the proud old county baronet would avenge on the meanness of my origin the envy he was likely to entertain of my superior cultivation and refinements. Throughout the greater part of my journey, the form of an imaginary Cuthbert Western was before me, as stalwart, coarse, unyielding; a noisy sportsman, an unlettered squire.

It was midnight when I reached the Hall, in the postchaise to which I was forced to have recourse at the post town, some miles off; and with my recent experience of London hours, I naturally expected to find the establishment up, and the family awaiting the expected kinsman. But all was dark and silent as dead of night! But for the intimation of the postboy, (far better acquainted than myself with the halls of my ancestors,) I should not have known we were arrived, when we drew up beside a black pile of building; which, in the dimness of gloom looked more like a mass of rocks than a human habitation.

It was not till the clang of the hall-bell, set in motion at my suggestion by the postboy, echoed through the death-like stillness, that it occurred to me there could be indiscretion in disturbing a lone country house at that late hour, or that I should have done better to sleep at the inn and make my appearance in the morning. But it was now too late; and I had ample leisure to make my reflections on the subject amid the dewy fragrance of the breathless night, while the servants were rousing themselves to answer our summons.

Ten minutes, a quarter of an hour, passed away—made longer by my vexatious apprehensions, but no token of movement. At length the postboy, who had obeyed my injunctions to refrain from further intimation of our arrival, began to fancy the dews I found so refreshing might be disadvantageous to his heated horses, and to grumble his discontents. Having left my servant in town, to execute some commissions, I had no one to save me the trouble of imposing silence on him; and the shortest method was to desire him to return to the place from whence he came. "The family was retired for the night, and I did not choose to disturb them. He should bring me back in the morning."

His answer was another sharp ring at the hall bell! As he was already paid, and anticipated in addition a night draught of the Western ale, and a bait for his horses, it did not suit him that either should set forth again unrefreshed; and the consequence was that, after a few minutes' further delay, the creaking of bolts and rattling of chains was heard, and I was admitted by an old man in a cotton nightcap, into a dark, damp hall, smelling of mildew and matting; who, the moment the postboy hurried in my luggage, swung to the old oak door again, and fastened back the chains, so as to defeat all projects of entertainment.

Without listening to my questions or apologies, the old brute bade me follow him, and conducted me up a back staircase, and through several gloomy corridors to a door which he unlocked; when, instead of finding myself, at I stupidly expected, in presence of my uncle, I saw that he had inaugurated me at once into my bedroom, telling me that I must take things as I found them—that I was not expected till the morrow, and that Sir Ralph would be displeased if the housekeeper were woke up.

Feeling myself thoroughly in the wrong, I begged I might occasion no further disturbance, and, though starving with hunger, thought myself lucky in being able to persuade him to bring up my carpet-bag and dressing-box; nor did I venture to suggest that there was not so much as a bottle of water in the room.

Left alone in the vast and cheerless chamber which my single candle rendered only more dreary, I felt so disgusted by the inhospitality of this reception, that, had I not heard the postchaise rattle away before we quitted the hall, I should have sallied forth again, and insisted on being conveyed back to the inn. But the influence of the place was already upon me. To gainsay the authority of Sir Ralph appeared impossible. Since it was his pleasure that a guest arriving after hours should remain without attendance or refreshment till day-break, there was nothing for it but acquiescence. Such, too, was the influence of previous fatigue, that having thrown myself in my clothes on the sheetless bed, I woke only to find my room illuminated by the morning sun streaming through the unshuttered windows.

But, notwithstanding the broad daylight, the house was still so quiet that I hesitated to ring. No need to predispose my uncle against me by further disturbance! for though the place lost something of its imposing grimness under the influence of summer sunshine, the cold stateliness of several ancient portraits adorning the walls, which, though of the Spanish school, I fancied must be ancestral—the cut velvet hangings, the toilet covers of old point, and Venetian mirror with its frame and boxes of tarnished filigree, recalled forcibly to my mind the Grandisonian formalities against which I had to contend.

Nor did the view from my chamber window inspire pleasanter emotions. Behind a fan-like screen of trees, that diverged on either side from the mansion to a considerable distance, lay a formal flower-garden, containing angular parterres, interspersed with time-worn statues, somewhat resembling in hue and symmetry the minor theatre representations of the "monster" moulded by Frankenstein, just then in vogue—a dingy sun-dial, and a profusion of clipped yew trees, whose dark foliage rendered the pea-green benches interspersed among them yet more unsightly.

It was not likely I should conjecture that, at the extremity of this hideous pleasure, and dividing it in a deep and rocky ravine from the wooded acclivity that appeared to form its boundary at about a quarter of a mile distant, ran, or rather leapt, the impetuous Greta, though the moment I opened my window its wrangling voice became audible, like the mutterings of an invisible enemy.

All I saw around me, therefore, was sovereignly displeasing. I, who had so often reviled in my boyish discontents the upstart newness of Hilfield—the patent perfection of its furniture—the royal academy brilliancy of its pictures—the Colebrook Dale gorgeousness of its porcelain—the glare of its gilding—already began to contemplate with dissatisfaction the dingy, cumbrous, gloomy, unhandy, unsightly nature of the objects around me! Even the old pictures were hateful; unpleasing portraits of personages who seemed in their lifetime to have given and received no pleasure.

"My poor father may have been guilty of an interested marriage in carrying off the daughter of such a house," was my secret reflection;—"but she, at least, was excusable in preferring a cheerful, happy home like Hilfield, to this desolate place!"

By the time I met my uncle at breakfast, I was so thoroughly out of conceit with the family manor, that half my apprehensions for a reprimand for my indiscretion of the preceding night had subsided. Gladly would I have accepted the slightest hint to go to London, or Cambridge, or any other place under the sun. I was almost prepared to beard the county baronet in his den!

He was alone; and I learned from the servants that "Mr. Western was at The Heath."

Where or what the Heath might be, I was not at the trouble to surmise. It was enough that Cuthbert did not think it necessary to be at home to welcome his humble cousin! and for the first time since my poor father's death, I congratulated myself as eagerly as Trapham could have desired on the existence of a deed of settlement, which secured me from the anguish of appearing at Western Hall in the light of a dependent.

After being ushered across the old hall, with its trophies of family armor, and scarcely less rusty portraits of the warriors by whom those identical coats of mail had been worn, each with his escutcheon at his foot, I naturally expected to find in the Sir Ralph in whom these heroisms were continued, a stern, manly, old country sportsman; rejoicing over his cold sirloin or pastry, to which I was prepared to do ample justice. It was the first time in my life that I had been a hundred miles from the metropolis; and all I had as yet seen of the establishment bore painful evidence that the world of civilization was far behind: there was some hope, therefore, that the refinement of my habits might impose upon my savage kinsman, or, by their effeminaey, provoke him into an offensive attitude! But, how great was my surprise on finding in the sunny and well-furnished breakfast-room into which I was ushered, a grave, graceful, and even courtly old gentleman, who advanced towards me with the most formal politeness, and was waiting my arrival to attack his chocolate and French roll. Having deliberately welcomed me to his house, he listened in cold and scrutinizing silence to my hurried, inexplicit, and confused apologies for the disturbance occasioned by my untimely arrival the preceding night;—and whether his reserve proceeded from displeasure he did not choose to conceal, or from a desire to judge the address and intellects of his city nephew, the result was the same—of making me feel thoroughly ill at ease.

Having blundered through my unintelligible excuses, I found myself compelled to a silence rivalling his own. A venerable old out-of-livery servant waited upon us throughout a breakfast as slender and delicate as might have served Pope's Belinda, so as to forestall all necessity for communication between the host and guest; nor could a Trappist's meal have been more taciturn. Once or twice, I resolved to break the ice, and the spell upon my spirits, and compel my mother's brother to sociability. But on what possible topic could I take the liberty of questioning the pale, spare, high-bred, high-browed ascetic before me!

At last, I took courage to bolt out the leading question I had prepared the preceding night, for the Sir Ralph Western of my imagining. I had passed through the last forty miles of my journey in the dark. Was it a picturesque country, or a sporting country? Had I much to regret in losing the sight?

"Of its beauties I am an insufficient judge," was the stiff reply. "My eyes are partial. Even your second inquiry I am incompetent to answer. My

advanced age, Mr. Ashworth, and your cousin's infirmities, render indifferent to me its eligibilities to a sportsman. I do not even preserve my game."

Such was the Nimrod I had anticipated! He had, however, touched a chord favorable to further discussion.

"I was not aware, sir," said I, in a tone of interrogation, "that the health of Mr. Western was infirm!"

He made no answer; and fancying his sense of hearing might be impaired, I repeated my observation, fixing my eyes upon his face, till his own became so sternly riveted upon me in return, that I shrunk under the gravity of their scrutiny. I fancied—it might be fancy—that they were suffused with moisture before he averted his gaze, and his pale face was decidedly tinged with a momentary hectic. But though he returned me no answer, for worlds could I not have found courage to reiterate my inquiry!

A moment afterwards, he rose and preceded me into an adjoining room; which proved to be a fine old library of groined oak, redolent of that peculiar mustiness of old binding more grateful to the senses of a scholar than to a lover of light literature like myself, addicted to the muses of the circulating library than of the Bodleian.

"You will find here, Mr. Ashworth, occupation for your leisure," said he, (and I could fancy Addison, in the gallery at Holland House, pointing out its treasures to his dissolute son-in-law, the Earl of Warwick, in just such a tone and attitude!) "That leisure, I fear, will prove more considerable than you desire. For, during the temporary absence of my son, I receive no company. That you may not, however, become disgusted at first sight with a seclusion I am interested to make agreeable to you, I have invited hither to-day one of my neighbors, whose habits will, perhaps, render him a more agreeable companion for you than myself."

I attempted an awkward compliment about the non-necessity of any accession to our society; to which he listened with the interrogative look I have already described, which again sufficed to confuse and perplex me.

"Mr. Haggerston will be here by luncheon-time," was all he condescended to reply, "and will drive you to one or two remarkable spots in the neighborhood. If, in the interim, the contents of this room do not suffice to entertain you, or if you are curious to visit a house which exhibits few beauties, but possesses some degree of historical interest, old Bernard, (who waited on you at breakfast, and has been half a century in my establishment,) will show you over the place."

Scarcely had he left the library, when I literally groaned under the oppression of all this ceremony! After the slipshod habits of Hilfield, how was it to be borne! Better a thousand times the rude joviality I had anticipated! Nevertheless, I felt it my cue to submit to the ciceroneship of old Bernard, lest his master might fancy me indifferent to the glories of the house of Western. But what in the way of objects of art was likely to captivate the eye of one who had so recently seen his household gods desecrated by the shame of an auctioneer's ticketing? As I followed the old man in silence to the foot of the great staircase, I felt that the contents of the tribune at Florence, or gallery at Dresden, would scarcely have tempted me to raise my eyes!

By degrees, however, I became interested; in the first instance, by the genuine though deferential

sense of proprietorship evinced by the old servitor in the goods and chattels of his master; in the second, by the care he took to associate me with the honors of the family; and "the portrait of your late grandfather, by Gervas; the portrait of your aunt Martha, by Gainsborough; the portrait of your grand-uncle, the admiral, by Sir Godfrey Kneller," sounded far more pleasantly in my ears, than if these family pictures had been announced as portraits of Sir Marmaduke and Miss Western, and Sir Gregory. After the mean cravings and pitiful aspirations which had so long disturbed my peace of mind, this singular aggrandizement, at a moment when worldly honors had ceased to be important in my eyes, appeared like the mockery of a dream! Still, it was impossible not to feel touched by the discoveries I was making. At length, in a remote bedroom hung with gilt leather, which he was exhibiting with some pride as that of the late Lady Margaret, I ventured to ask, in an unassured voice, whether he remembered my mother.

"Remember her!" was his expressive reply. "It has been my master's pleasure that the name of Mrs. Ashworth should never be mentioned in this house. But though twenty years are over and more, few of us have forgotten Miss Clara."

"Is there any portrait of her at the Hall?" said I, still apprehensive of some unpleasant disclosure.

The old man shook his head. "Even the fondest parents were not likely to have had a picture made of one of her unfortunate appearance," said he. "So long as the old Lady Western, your grandmother, lived, she was not suffered to be seen; and afterwards, though she kept house here for Sir Ralph, and so was forced to entertain a deal of company, she never went out. Poor soul! There was a deal of blame laid to her share when, after the excuse of youth was gone, she made so wilful a match! But the folks hereabouts, to whom she was always kind and charitable, made two excuses for her: first, the dull life she led mewed up in the hall; and secondly, the family-flightiness, which explains all that was strange in her choice."

I dared not inquire further. I could not resent the freedom of observations I had drawn upon myself; and as we had now reached the state drawing-room, the old man's thoughts had taken another direction.

"The picture of my late Lady Margaret," said he, pointing to a portrait by Sir William Beechey, disfigured by the short waist and scanty drapery which render so unsightly the effigies of the daughter and lamented grand-daughter of George III., "and the portrait of Mr. Cuthbert."

I was still examining the somewhat harsh features of Lady Margaret Western when startled by this announcement; and instantly turning towards the portrait of my cousin, beheld a countenance once seen to be remembered forever. Such exquisite though mournful beauty of expression had never met my eye in any living face. The likenesses of Raphael d' Urbino approached nearest to its intellectual charm; and there is a portrait of a youth, by Giorgione, in the national gallery of Bruges, which always reminds me of the face. But a still sweeter and milder physiognomy adorned the fine lineaments of Cuthbert Western.

"By Sir Thomas Lawrence," added the old man, in a low voice, fancying, perhaps, that my exclamation of "beautiful, most beautiful," applied to the execution of the picture.

"And is Mr. Western indeed so handsome?" cried I, in all the consciousness of my former conceptions concerning my country cousin.

"When he is well, a thousand times handsomer!" replied the old man, with a sigh. "To my mind I never saw any human face so much like what is written and painted of the angels! But he is seldom well now," continued Bernard, more gravely. And he led the way out of the room, carefully locking the door after him, as though that chamber contained the only precious object in the house.

"Hillo, old chap! where are all your folk this morning, and where's Sir Ralph?" cried the hearty voice of a jolly looking country gentleman, whom at that moment we confronted in the hall. "Mr. Ashworth, I presume!" continued he, offering me his hand, as though we had been acquainted for years. "Welcome, sir, into Westmoreland. My 'good neighbor, Sir Ralph,' not being at hand to introduce us, perhaps I ought to announce my name as Haggerston."

It was easy to inform him, that it was already known to me, and that he was expected, but at that moment I wished him a hundred miles off, so grievously had he interrupted my inquiries of Bernard concerning my interesting cousin.

The new-comer, however, required neither welcome nor encouragement. Far more at home than myself, he instantly began to do the honors to me of the house of my ancestors; to inquire whether I was a sportsman, and why I had chosen to visit Westmoreland at such a decided dead season of the year; assured me, that with a man of my uncle's turn of life and sedentary habits, I should be moped to death.

I expressed a hope that my cousin would shortly return home, when we might enjoy together what appeared to be a fine neighborhood.

"Not he!" was the abrupt reply of my off-hand friend. "Cuthbert has not been a week away. I never knew him return from Heath under six."

As I was beginning to testify my surprise and regret, my uncle made his appearance in the library into which Bernard had conducted us; and though he interrupted our conversation by the formal introduction of each to the other, and the long apologies he attempted to Mr. Haggerston, for the services he had claimed at his hands, even his high-bred ceremoniousness had little influence over the reckless garrulity of his guest.

"Not a word about it, my dear good sir!" cried he; "I'm always at your orders, you know, and 't will be a pleasant day's work for me to have a chat with your nephew instead of listening to the grumblings of Agnes. Order the phaeton for two o'clock, and we'll spin over to Huntingdon Castle and back by dinner-time, taking Glyburn Mere by the way."

At the luncheon-table Mr. Haggerston invited my uncle to a glass of sherry, and took the carving of the peachick into his hands, with the same frank officiousness; and so unconcernedly did Sir Ralph give way to his freedoms that I saw they were accustomed, by long neighborhood, to each other's oddities. So much the better! Though men of forward, vulgar nature are hateful amid the press of polished life, nothing short of such utter want of deference and delicacy, could have thawed the frozen atmosphere of Western Hall.

"Isn't it a thousand pities so fine an old place should be suffered to go to rack and ruin?" said the outspoken guest, with an upward glance at the battlements, as he took the reins of the bean-fed

horses in hand, at the door, while the out-rider hurried on to open the great gates. "By Jove; the old hall would make a capital county Bridewell! But as to *living* in't, I don't wonder it has driven one or other of the last three generations of the Westfens who've attempted it, out of their senses."

A tolerably free-and-easy mode of discussing my family and their hereditaments. Already, however, I had discovered in Bob Haggerston, one of those gall-less animals, whose epidermis is tough as that of a bison, utterly devoid of sensibility, and consequently unwitting of its existence—people who dash into the discussion of the most delicate topics, as a surgeon enjoys the dissection of a beautiful child.

Before we got beyond the domain, he avowed his curiosity to learn whether my uncle was not deucedly surprised to find me such a fine young fellow!—making it sufficiently clear that the personal defects of my poor mother had led the whole neighborhood to anticipate a monster in her son. A few miles further, and our established intimacy prevented all necessity for concealing that they had expected a shop-boy in the offspring of Tom Ashworth, the Darlington clerk, and a dwarf in that of the unfortunate Clara Westfern.

"Poor Sir Ralph ought to be overjoyed at such a pleasant surprise," said he, "the more so, that the chances are thirty to one in favor of your inheriting the estate."

"Even were my name included in the entail," said I, meeting his coolness with a frankness worthy of it, "no fear of my dishonoring with my Lombard-street arms the old blazon of the Westfens! Judging by my cousin's portrait, Cuthbert is likely to furnish branches that will carry our family tree, green and fertile, through half a dozen centuries to come."

"Cuthbert!" reiterated my companion in an unaccountable tone. "Ay, if he could secure a stock for grafting!—But who on earth would marry Cuthbert! Not but what the old baronet has convinced himself that wives are to be bought, even under such circumstances, by a property like *his*."

"Wives are to be bought, I fear, under any circumstances," cried I, with an air of misanthropy less becoming to my features than at the epoch when I used to Byronize my shirt collars. "But

what difficulty is there in obtaining a future Lady Westfern for my cousin?"

"Did you ever see Cuthbert?" demanded my companion, pulling up his horses to a walk, as though to afford himself better leisure for listening to my answer.

"Never—except in Lawrence's beautiful portrait."

"Ay, a fine specimen of parental doating having it drawn," cried Mr. Haggerston, shrugging his shoulders; "just by way of making strangers ask painful questions during the poor young man's absence from the hall! However, they say he will soon be forced to remain at the Heath for good and all, and then it is to be hoped Sir Ralph will have the good sense to take down the picture. If *not*, you must persuade him."

"My influence is never likely to be such as to justify my interference in his family affairs," said I, trying to speak with indifference, while my heart was beating with curiosity, "but why should Sir Ralph at any moment regret the exhibition of so beautiful a picture and so fine a subject?"

"What! not when he's in a strait-waistcoat! not when he's shut up in a *mad-house*?" cried my delicate and feeling companion.

"Great God! you do not mean to say that my poor cousin is a lunatic!" cried I, with inexpressible horror.

"There or thereabouts. Cuthbert has his lucid intervals, when he is allowed to return to the hall, and take his place among the gentlemen of the neighborhood; when, to do him justice, not a finer or more charming fellow was ever seen on earth! But ever since he came to man's estate he's been getting worse and worse. While a boy it was thought to be only eccentricity, and Sir Ralph was much blamed for indulging his vagaries, and bringing him up with a tutor at home instead of sending him to Eton to be flogged into his senses. Now that the mischief turns out to be constitutional, and (I'm afraid) incurable, one cannot help admiring the poor old gentleman's tenderness of nature in keeping so afflicting a spectacle under his eyes, so long as a hope remained."

So oppressed were my feelings by this strange and unexpected disclosure, that I replied only by a deep and shuddering sigh. When, *where*, were my affections to find a resting-place!

Hood's Own; or, Laughter from Year to Year; being former Runnings of his comic Vein, with an Infusion of new Blood for general Circulation. Moxon.

"In the absence of a certain thin 'blue and yellow visage' and attenuated figure,—whose effigies may one day be affixed to the present work,"—said poor Hood, while he was making this collection of his quips and conceits. The portrait is now here; in front of the volume; and sorrowfully reminds us that the playful allusion to his own frame, yet more wasted and worn by the sickness which followed, became at last a reality ("by a worse bargain than Peter Schlemihl's, I seem to have retained my shadow and sold my substance.")

It is a pleasing face, Hood's; certainly not indicative of all the grotesques and arabesques, the whims and oddities, that flowed from his prolific fancy; but with abundant indications of the sound sense which lurked at the bottom of his fantastic sayings, of the kindness which inspired the strong sympathies to

which he gave vent in the later productions of his life, and of the unconscious magnanimity and high manliness of nature which bore him in triumph through his protracted struggle with pain.

It would be as vain to attempt in our brief space to convey any idea of the elvish variety of whimsical conceits packed up into five or six hundred pages of the goodly octavo volume now before us, as it would be superfluous. Every one has a general notion of Hood's happy vein; every one who was born and come to years of discretion at the time when his quips and cranks first showed themselves, has laughed over all of them; and the *post nati* are doubtless fetching up their arrears continually, with much laughing interest.

Yet they are ever new. As with the book of Nature, (with reverence we speak it,) one cannot open the book of a man of true genius, without stumbling upon something which has all the freshness of novelty, however recently or vividly we may remember former and frequent interviews.—*Examiner*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SIR ROBERT INGLIS.

"In republics," said Dr. Johnson, "there is no respect for authority, but there is a fear of power;" a remark which puts in a strong light the natural insubordination and disorganization engendered in all societies where it is attempted to enforce an unnatural equality. In the House of Commons, which is as nearly as possible the perfect model of a well-regulated popular assembly, the reverse of the doctor's aphorism is exemplified. There we behold certainly no fear of power, but at the same time there is exhibited an unequivocal respect for authority. So little, indeed, do the representatives of the English people betray that levelling spirit which seeks to bring down to one low standard all social and even intellectual superiority, that they really go out of their way to pay respect to authority wherever it can be found; and the authority which they acknowledge with the most alacrity is not that which is created by the breath of the sovereign, but that which is generated by the involuntary homage of mind to mind. Some individuals there are who strive hard to rebel against this generally acknowledged sovereignty—who estimate any one unit out of the 656 members of the house as being equal to any other unit; and who would allow no experience, no consideration of the relative importance of the constituency by whom the individual member has been delegated, to weigh with them in inducing respect for one more than for another. But these are rare exceptions to the general rule prevailing in the house, in innumerable instances where there has been spontaneous recognition of superior talents, or of more extensive acquaintance with particular subjects.

Another custom of the House of Commons is to acknowledge certain members as being the representatives and organs of the opinions of particular classes in the country. Those members have originally become entitled to this preference by reason of the confidence publicly reposed in them by those sections of the community. But as there are often several men equally trusted by each section, the house exercises a right of choice or selection, and by a sort of tacit understanding some one individual is chosen from the rest and recognized as leader—on account, perhaps, of his possessing greater parliamentary talents than the others, or from his being a more temperate and practical man, one more easily dealt with, and whose judgment and steadfastness to his purposes can be more relied on. This arrangement, originally suggested by considerations of the public convenience, has become more and more necessary as the representative principle has been more extensively and practically carried out in the House of Commons. With the multitude of clashing class interests now represented there, the debates would present a chaos of conflicting opinions if some such arrangement as this were not adopted—if each earnest and honest, or zealous and unscrupulous advocate of the mercantile, or of the agricultural, or of the shipping, or the moneyed interest, or of the numerous subdivisions of the higher and middle classes, were to be allowed to urge his own projects, or take his own course, regardless of the counter-movements of others equally entitled with himself—if, in fact, there were none of that subordination and mutual concession which experience teaches us are absolutely necessary to the effectual conducting of public affairs. The chief statesmen of the day find their advantage from this

custom equally with the House of Commons. What the latter gain in simplicity of organization, and in the good order of their debates, the former obtain in rapidity and precision of political combination, and the ready application of a certain test by which they can determine what will be the probable fate of any scheme of policy they may meditate proposing to the House of Commons. Without being delegates—for they claim and exercise an independence of judgment—these leading members have such an identity of feeling with the classes which they severally represent, that they can almost at a glance determine whether a proposed measure will meet with their approbation; and in extreme cases, where they may not choose to take on themselves the responsibility of a decision, they have the means of immediately communicating with these their constituents in an extended sense of the term, and of ascertaining their sentiments. Thus, a minister, proposing a new political scheme, has within his grasp a sort of synopsis of public opinion; and its indications frequently lead to the abandonment of measures which are found to be unpalatable. On the first night of a new proposition, these leading men will be found almost invariably expressing their opinions upon it, and those opinions are looked for with great anxiety by the public, as indicative of its ultimate fate.

One of the most distinguished and respected of these beacons of opinion is Sir Robert Inglis, the member for the University of Oxford. For nearly twenty years he has been the representative of the University of Oxford, and in that capacity has been recognized as the parliamentary organ of a large and most influential portion of the Church of England. Indeed, when we reflect upon the extent of his influence, and the respectability of his credentials, we are almost tempted to overlook some gentlemen who profess to represent the interests of certain new thinkers on doctrine and discipline, and at once to proclaim him the political champion of the civil interests of the church. As will presently be shown, he has strong personal claims on the respect of the House of Commons; but, undoubtedly, the great weight he possesses is mainly to be attributed to the highly honorable position he holds in connexion with the church. We have already said that nearly twenty years have elapsed since Sir Robert Inglis was first formally recognized in this exalted capacity, when he was sent to Parliament by the University of Oxford. The circumstances under which that election took place contributed to attach a more than ordinary *éclat* to Sir Robert Inglis at the time. For some few years before, he had been in Parliament representing nomination boroughs; but he had attracted much attention during that brief period. The debates on the Catholic question brought him into great prominence in the House of Commons, and supplied a test of the unswerving steadiness of his attachment to the national religion. The decided and earnest opposition which he gave on all occasions to the scheme of emancipation endeared him to those who, like himself, believed it to be fraught with danger to the established church. The eyes of all the opponents of that proposition were fixed upon him, as being, if not the most eloquent and prominent, at least one of the most sincere of that great parliamentary phalanx, at the head of which Sir Robert Peel so long and so successfully opposed the aggressive efforts of the Roman Catholic advocates. When Sir Robert Peel, at last, suddenly resolved to abandon the cause to which so much of his public life had

been devoted, it is almost needless to say he resigned his seat as the representative for Oxford University. It was now that the parliamentary services of Sir Robert Inglis were remembered—not more, however, than his high reputation for classical attainments, his staunch devotion to the interests of the establishment, and his exalted character; in which an exemplary piety was not obscured by an extensive knowledge of the world, an ability to cope with worldly men, a sound judgment and an intimate acquaintance with political affairs. The University of Oxford rejected Sir Robert Peel and chose Sir Robert Inglis, in whom, from that hour, they reposed a confidence which has never been abused. He has served them, and that preponderating influence in the church which they may be said to represent, with an unshaken fidelity and an unflinching zeal, tempered by rare tact and judgment; and at the present moment, whatever may be the vague hopes of some, who would fain show a political strength which, in fact, they do not possess, he is as firmly fixed in his seat as representative of Oxford as he was when first triumphantly returned in the year 1828.

Amidst the universal wreck of parties, Sir Robert Inglis has stood firm as a rock; although almost all around him, even the most distinguished and respected men in Parliament, have, with an unblushing effrontery, broken their pledges and changed their opinions, he has been almost alone in an upright adherence to his principles. Where consistency is so rare, to have preserved it becomes by comparison an exalted political virtue. For the man who, amidst change and temptation on all sides, steadily pursues what he believes to be the right course, a deep respect is felt, even by those who are the most opposed to the opinions he so cherishes. This is the case of Sir Robert Inglis, who commands more unaffected admiration and confidence, even from the dissenters in Parliament, and those who are indifferent to questions affecting the church, than any other public man of the day. But it is not mere consistency that gives him this influence. It is not alone that he has been for so many years the champion and advocate of the church: it is also the character of his championship and his advocacy. Earnestness and sincerity will always command involuntary respect. But when they are aided and enforced by superior intellectual powers, they carry an influence of a much higher order, and much more general application. Sir Robert Inglis, by displaying on all occasions such powers of mind, has secured the utmost weight that can attach in a popular assembly to the advocate of opinions and interests which are supposed to be not those of the general mass of the people. For, rightly or wrongly, such has been the effect of the persevering enmity of the open and still more of the insidious opponents of the church, that, as an institution, it is looked upon by a large portion of the public as being inimical to their religious rights as well as their civil interests. It required no ordinary combination of qualities to combat and conquer prejudices of this description without compromising fundamental principles. The subject is one, unfortunately, proverbial for the fierce hatreds it engenders whenever it is mooted. The most sacred objects, the most benevolent intentions, the purest views, are alike liable to misinterpretation when religion is the theme; and he must, indeed, be a miracle of judgment and goodness of nature who could, during so many years, have filled the perilous post of defender of an institution exposed to so many ene-

mies, traitors within and assailants from without, and yet have preserved the respect of all, in spite of exasperations which other advocates, if they do not provoke, yet find themselves unable to avoid. Occasionally, we have heard Sir Robert Inglis charged with bigotry. This can only have been the random suggestion of sectarian hatred. No one who knows Sir Robert, or has watched his public life, would countenance such an imputation. A sincere and zealous champion he is of the institutions which he believes to be necessary to the country's welfare, and, above all, of the church, as being the great standard round which all the others rally. His determination to resist encroachment makes him watchful of even the slightest and most insidious approach of an enemy. Knowing as he does how an adverse principle may be insinuated into legislation, without any open, tangible attempts at the subversion of what exists, he will exhibit, in resistance to such attempts, the same earnestness, zeal, and ardor, that he would display if a bold and organized attack were made upon the whole integrity of the institution. Hence it has been supposed that he was prone to exaggerate and magnify the trivial parts of the great system he was called upon to defend, insensible to its larger and wider scope. But this tenacity in what, superficially regarded, may be considered as trifles, is, in fact, a wise precaution, which postpones at least, if it does not ultimately prevent, more serious struggles directly affecting the very existence of the establishment. It is adopted and persevered in, not from a love of disputation or any desire to encroach upon the rights of others, but in compliance with an imperious sense of duty. Rightly to understand the character of Sir Robert Inglis, we should place ourselves in his position. We should remember that the divine law, as well as the more immediate law of this country, has imposed upon the church the sacred obligation of caring for the morals of the people—that it is responsible alike to God and man for the performance of this duty. With such views, although we might be compelled to postpone them to an irresistible civil authority, we should never voluntarily concede that numbers had any connexion with spiritual right, or that any portion of the community could absolve themselves by their own resolution from the performance of their share of those civil obligations which the law has imposed on them, as a security, by constituting the means, for the performance of its duties by the church. In resisting all attempts, open or covert, to undermine these great principles, we should not consider that we were encroaching unfairly on the civil rights of others, or their rights of conscience. We should feel that we were only asserting what was demonstrably just and true, and that we were not violating any of the fundamental guarantees of freedom in so doing; still less should we expect to be charged with bigotry. If we carry the case a step further—if we do not confine ourselves to merely resisting encroachment, but endeavor, by fair, legal, and equitable means, to carry out our principles to their full extent—if, believing that the church has a holy mission to fulfil, and a sacred duty to perform, for which, whilst the state professes to provide the means while it requires the fulfilment, those means are notoriously inadequate—if, in this obvious dilemma, we were to follow the only course which reason and duty would alike suggest, and were to call upon the state to provide for the execution of its own commands, we should, in such a case, be naturally aggrieved were we to be charged with a dis-

position to tyrannize over the consciences or to plunder the pockets of those of our fellow-countrymen, who, without any other right than their own indisposition to contribute, chose to attempt resistance to the law. If we should ourselves resent as unjust such a construction put on our endeavors to harmonize the practice with the theory of the spiritual education of the people, let us, in common charity, extend a similar liberality to Sir Robert Inglis, and those who think and act with him. His is not an aggressive disposition. The positions he takes up are almost purely defensive. It is with pain, apparently, that he places himself in conflict on these subjects with his fellow-countrymen. But an obligation not to be evaded impels him in a direction contrary to what would seem to be his natural inclination. Compare his mild and deprecatory, though always firm and unflinching advocacy of his principles, with the theologic virulence, the gladiatorial energy, that characterize the proceedings of the Bishop of Exeter. His character stands in most advantageous contrast with that of the militant prelate; and his reward is given in the growing influence of the one as compared with the declining ascendancy of the other.

It is not alone as the champion of the church that Sir Robert Inglis has weight in the House of Commons. His mind is so well regulated, his information so extensive, and his judgment so sound, that he is a most valuable auxiliary in the miscellaneous business of Parliament. Although a man of most unpretending manners, addressing himself with singular modesty on all occasions to the house, the compass of his mind is very considerable: there are few questions, of however great magnitude, which come before Parliament that he cannot fully grasp and determine. Those who are wedded to political dogmas of an aggressive character, or that still larger class whose opinions are swayed by expediency alone, are very ready to impute to Sir Robert Inglis, and others like him, that they are the slaves of a dangerous and domineering prejudice. Without going the length of adopting all the views such men as Sir R. Inglis may entertain, we claim for them the credit of having fixed principles, and the merit of avowing and adhering to them. It is necessary that there should be some men whose minds do not shift with every breath of popular caprice, or we should have no landmarks in politics or morals. It is always refreshing to hear a speech from Sir Robert Inglis on any question that comes before Parliament, because one is sure to witness the development of a clear and intelligible scheme of opinion on the question at issue, based upon immutable principles, the truth of which he is able to demonstrate. It is a common error with hasty thinkers to confound consistency with obstinacy. Because some men are possessed by only one idea, which they repeat in the multitudinous shapes suggested by an insane prejudice, other men are confounded with them, if they, too, have fixed and unerring views of things, which they will not compromise. It is in the foundation there may be for the opinions entertained that the difference consists. Sir Robert Inglis does not, perhaps, think it necessary, every time he lays down an opinion, to go through the process of reasoning by which it has been arrived at. But, notwithstanding, his mind is essentially philosophical. He does not dogmatize. In this respect he stands out in favorable contrast with the very men who charge him with being bigoted and opinionated. The new school are far more given to dogmatism than the old. In all Sir Robert

Inglis' speeches, on subjects of a miscellaneous nature, he displays in an admirable manner the practical qualities of his mind. From the most important questions of policy, down to the minute details of administration, he shows himself capable of entering, with an ability and knowledge always at command, upon all subjects. For one whose mind has been so much devoted to thoughts of an exalted and spiritual character, it is remarkable how much worldly knowledge he displays. He is singularly ready as a debater, has quickness of retort and considerable power of irony, and in aptness of quotation or illustration he is surpassed by few men in the House of Commons.

In the present state of public opinion, the character of his mind renders him useful in an increasing ratio to the intrinsic value of his talents. Although so firm and unflinching in his principles, he is really a man of most liberal mind, and willing to make, to any extent, concessions that do not compromise vital truths or fundamental laws. What is of more importance, he makes these concessions voluntarily and with a good grace, while, at the same time, he makes no sacrifice of character. Thus he constitutes himself a sort of link between conflicting political systems; and many an inevitable catastrophe, many an annoyance to aristocratic pride, has been averted by the timely foresight of Sir Robert Inglis in the exercise of these self-assumed functions as mediator. It must not be supposed, however, that he has any ambition to win cheap applause at the expense of principles he holds in honor. On the contrary, there is much of shrewdness and even of craft in the tact with which he avoids making any advance until the moment when longer to delay would deprive the proffered boon of its virtue. Those whose opinions he represents are well aware that he possesses this valuable quality, and they place the most implicit confidence in his judgment. They know that he will not speak of capitulating except at the exact moment when, if he postponed it, he could not march out with the honors of war.

Any persons who might be disposed to entertain this charge of bigotry to which we have already alluded, or who may have had personal knowledge of some of the more active members of the church militant, have only to look at Sir Robert Inglis in order to satisfy themselves that he is singularly exempt from those personal traits which are usually the consequence of the indulgence of the evil passions, more especially those which are aroused by theological disputes. We have, unfortunately, many living examples of the kind of character thus engendered. We find in them a stern bearing and harsh demeanor, imperious airs, and a coldness of heart, the consequence of spiritual conceit, a dogmatic spirit, and a tyrannical hatred of intellectual independence. The mind thus warped from its natural course, works its will upon the outward man. Pale faces, cadaverous complexions, austerity, bodily leanness, and an aspect, in some cases, of asperity, in others a hypocritical pretension to piety, attest, in the class of men we refer to, the ineffectual attempt to attain a transcendental state while still mixing up spiritual with worldly interests. To such advocates of the church as these, Sir Robert Inglis presents a most decided and agreeable contrast, both in mind and person. He looks the very impersonation of the spirit of good-humor. The ample proportions of his frame, and an air of indulgence in habitual ease, his large, open, smiling countenance, tinted with the ruddy

hue, at once the result of good health and good living, and, above all, the expression of unaffected benevolence and amiability on his countenance, bespeak so favorable a construction of his character, that you are, in fact, more unwilling to believe as against him charges of dogmatism, illiberality, or a disposition to encroach on the rights of others to gratify an appetite for spiritual dominion, than you would be in the case of many men who stand before Parliament as the steady supporters of the national religion. Nor, indeed, are you, on a superficial observation, disposed even to give him credit for that intellectual weight which he unquestionably has. But you are soon undeceived when you bestow a glance on his massive forehead, his intelligent eye, and, above all, if you observe the cool self-possession with which he addresses himself to questions before the house, commanding, not less by his talents than by his station, the most respectful attention. There are few men in Parliament, professing to be the upholders of established systems, who are so ready as Sir Robert Inglis is to give reasons for his opinions, or to demonstrate the truth of any axioms he may lay down. Still less are there to be found any to surpass him in the liberality of spirit with which he entertains the opinions of adversaries, or gives their full and legitimate weight to the fundamental principles on which they may base their arguments. These are not the habits of mind of a dogmatist, or of an intolerant man.

As a speaker, Sir Robert Inglis rises far above mediocrity. His mind has been so well trained, and his acquirements are so extensive, that there are few public questions with which he does not grapple powerfully, subduing them to the purposes of his political life. His speeches are more argumentative than declamatory. He trusts more to the influence of reason than to appeals to prejudice or passion. Whenever he does travel out of the line of argument or demonstration, and appeals to moral influences, it is to invoke a respect, or a submission, which to his mind appears inevitable, for principles which he supposes to be universally recognized, or institutions which he looks upon as being established, not merely by so temporary an authority as human law, but by a law far more enduring, which has its origin in the necessities and obligations of our existence. If, however, he finds these assumptions of his disregarded, or these fundamental principles disputed, he does not, as some exalted champions of the church are wont to do, invoke religious hatreds or party passions to the aid of his cause, but relies on the milder influence of reason to produce conviction, rather than endeavor by more vulgar agencies to compel submission. The construction of his speeches resembles the organization of his mind. Taking for granted, or demonstrating when necessary, first principles, he works up to his conclusion by clear, logical argument. His style is simple, his language both forcible and elegant. He seldom adopts any of those contrivances by which practised speakers endeavor to enlist the feelings of their audience, or to act on their convictions through the imagination. He is satisfied with a straightforward exposition of what he believes to be the truth. If ever his speeches contain evidences of the exercise of the imaginative faculties, it is because he is carried away by his subject, not that he has laid himself out to please by meretricious ornaments. When he invests his oratory, usually so forcible, yet unpretending, with illustrations of a poetical character, they are chosen with remarkable

taste and applicability. His quotations are never hackneyed, and his metaphors are distinguished by striking originality. At times he displays a power of eloquence for which his ordinary speaking does not prepare you. It is the outpouring of a lofty enthusiasm, prompted by a deep repugnance to the downward tendency of public and political morality, and the low tone which even the greatest men of the day are compelled to assume, in obedience to the sordid views of commercial and social questions, which, contrary to the true spirit of trade and commerce, appear to be spreading more widely through the community.

The public character of Sir Robert Inglis inspires very general respect. Those who look upon him as a mere upholder of abuses in church and state, do violence to their own judgment, while they are guilty of great injustice towards his character. Without the slightest approach to that cant which is so offensive in some of the most prominent advocates of the interests of the church, he is inspired with a fervent zeal for the attainment of spiritual objects, which he conceives to be more essential to the welfare of his countrymen, and to the permanent stability of the monarchy, than any laws or schemes of legislation of a purely temporal character. But when he descends from this high position, and enters the arena of ordinary political discussion, he evinces as thorough and practical an acquaintance with all the details of the every-day business of political life as those who have, all along, been entirely absorbed in such considerations. Such men as he, actuated by the feelings which we have already ascribed to him, and with such very superior talents, are of very great value in the legislature. Possessed of rank, fortune, and influence, their public service is voluntary, and their opinions upon public matters, more especially where they are not the slaves of party-feeling, are listened to with a deference which few statesmen, even the highest, can command. They are obviously disinterested; and it is assumed, that only a very pure and exalted patriotism, or a very deep sense of duty, can induce them to abandon the ease and enjoyment of a wealthy retirement for the laborious and thankless pursuits of public life. In the case of Sir Robert Inglis, this self-sacrifice is the more valuable, because the natural tendency of his mind is to the more peaceful and delightful pursuits of science and literature. It is probable that he finds his reward in the consciousness that he is doing his duty, even more than in the respect and admiration, however gratifying, of that large portion of his fellow-countrymen who have had the means of estimating his intellectual merits, and his social virtues.

A STATUETTE of the Emperor of Austria, plumed-hat in hand, has been exhibiting to the invited at Messrs. Hunt and Roskell's, in New Bond-street. It is the workmanship of Count D'Orsay; and they who remember the remarkable skill with which moral, as well as physical, portraiture was rendered in his statue of Napoleon will be prepared to hear of natural action and a triumph over the formalities of costume. They will not be disappointed. There is far less of subject in the Russian than in the French autocrat, either for the hand that models, or the eye that sees, or the mind (in either case) that apprehends. But the suggestion of royalty is conveyed in the simplest sculptural language—a very remarkable property, in more than one instance, of Count D'Orsay's art.—*Atk.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

PROPOSED COMMERCIAL MISSION TO JAPAN.

SOME jealousy has recently been excited, both in Germany and Holland, by a proposal, which originated with the press, to despatch a commercial mission from this country to Japan. But there exists no ground for any such feeling. The object of the negotiations into which it has been proposed to enter is, not to forestall the maritime nations of the continent by first stepping forward and taking the lead, but to accomplish an enterprise which no one else seems disposed to undertake in a manner likely to ensure success. And this will be made manifest hereafter, should the present ministers, under the influence of public opinion, unequivocally declared, resolve upon throwing open to the industry of Europe one of the richest and most extensive markets in the further east.

To many persons the Japanese empire is a sort of fabulous land, where the Portuguese of old were supposed to have found their *El Dorado*, and about which, in more modern times, Dutchmen have dreamed whilst sailing beyond the Golden Chersonese. And it deserves, in some respects, to be ranked among mythical regions; for, in pursuance of a policy originating with the Chinese, though never literally acted upon by them, it has contrived almost completely to sever itself from the social system of the world. In the execution of this design it has been greatly favored by its geographical position. Moored at the further extremity of Asia, far out in the great Northern Pacific, the active agents of commerce have had little occasion to touch upon its shores—from which they have been repelled, moreover, by the apprehension of inhospitable treatment. Still, from time to time, in the lapse of centuries, a few scattered adventurers, one after another, have broken through the established practice, and, in contempt of the imperial mandates, ventured to make their appearance in the port of Nangasaki, offering the sullen exclusives to exchange commodities with them, and receive them back like prodigals into the mansion of civilization. We make in this matter little account of the Dutch, since the restricted intercourse they carry on with the Japanese is not that of state with state, but a wholly contemptible one, conducted by servile speculators, who consent to traffic in chains, and a great but barbarous government, rendered overbearing and insolent by the consciousness of power.

Moral and political phenomena, however, appear wonderful only so long as they continue unexplained. We shall show in what circumstances the exclusive system of the Japanese originated, and it will then, perhaps, be found, that although in their attempt to realize it they have displayed unusual pertinacity, both their motives and their conduct are perfectly intelligible. Marco Polo was the first traveller who revealed to Europe the existence of those remote islands, against which the Tartar conquerors of Cathay sent immense naval armaments in vain. The inhabitants then, as now, were fierce and warlike, warmly attached to their national independence, and, unlike the slavish multitude of China, always ready to defend it at the peril of their lives. But Marco Polo himself was long regarded as a sort of legendary personage, and his relations were confounded with the fabulous tales of the poets, though he had the honor of suggesting to Columbus, whose genius could sympathize with his, the track which led to the discovery of a new world.

After the death of this illustrious Venetian, Japan again retreated into the domains of darkness, and was no more heard of for nearly three centuries. Europe was too busy with its own ignorance to think of maritime discovery. Theological disputations devoured its energies, and in the great night of ages, as in the natural night, the few hours immediately preceding the dawn were the coldest and most obscure. At length, Vasco di Gama doubled the Cape of Storms, afterwards of Good Hope; and the Portuguese, with a boldness of adventure which has had but few parallels, pushed their conquests and discoveries in the Eastern seas till, in the year 1542, Fortune conducted them to the golden shores of Japan.

A trivial circumstance suggested to them, so early as the year 1549, vast schemes of ambition, which they forthwith sought to carry into effect. In the spring of that year a Japanese convert sailed in a Portuguese ship to Goa, where he was baptized and ordained. He represented his countrymen—truly, as it afterwards appeared—to be exceedingly well disposed to receive Christianity, and without much difficulty prevailed on the authorities of that settlement to send back with him on his return a number of missionaries, among whom was St. Francis Xavier, surnamed the Apostle of the Indies.

A remarkable display of European avarice and lust of dominion now ensued. The merchants and missionaries of Portugal vied with each other in their zeal; the former for the acquisition of riches, the latter for the attainment of spiritual power, which has often been used as a means to the same end. Among the mercantile adventurers many settled in the country, married into the wealthiest and noblest families, and thus acquired so extensive an influence, that they could dispose of their commodities almost at any price they pleased. Immense fortunes were consequently realized in the space of a very few years, and a number of needy adventurers, who had previously, at moderate profits, hawked their goods throughout the east, were suddenly transformed into so many princes. Nor were the ecclesiastics behind their secular brethren in success. Mammon reigned triumphantly over all, and during an interval—not, however, of long duration—no less than three hundred tons of gold were transported annually from Japan and Macao.

They who are acquainted with the history of maritime enterprise know how great are the fluctuations which take place in the profits of merchants, and that the discoverers of a new market often sweep away a golden harvest, leaving comparatively mean gains to their successors. The vast profits of the Portuguese, therefore, will not surprise them; neither will they regard as incredible what the Dutch relate, that, on certain articles of merchandise, as much as 5000 per cent. was sometimes made. But successful enterprise begets rivalry. No sooner had the first adventurers laid open the field, than others, still more hardy, appeared to dispute it with them. It is worthy of remark, however, that in the history of the intercourse held by European nations with Japan, there is an obscure interval, extending over the first ten years of the seventeenth century, during which several unrecorded visits would appear, from some imperfect hints occurring in writers of the period, to have been made to Firando.

On these, seeing they are wrapt in uncertainty, it would be useless to dwell, especially as events enough remain on record to occupy all the limits and leisure we can at present bestow upon the sub-

ject. In the year 1598, William Adams, who had been a master in the navy of Queen Elizabeth, sailed in a Dutch ship through the straits of Magellan into the Pacific, where, after undergoing great hardships, he was driven northward by a series of tempests, and ultimately wrecked on the Japanese coast. At first, through the misrepresentations of the Portuguese, he was treated harshly. They saw very clearly what his coming boded, and though we may condemn their morality, we must, while so doing, admit that they only did what most other trading nations would have done. Their crooked policy, nevertheless, availed them little. Adams, possessing much practical knowledge, and experienced in the ways of mankind, soon made himself useful to the Japanese, by building them ships after the English model, and otherwise giving proof of a capacity to further their interests as a people. He rose, consequently, in favor at court, and was at length held in such esteem by the emperor, that he bestowed on him a rich estate, and sought by all means to attach him to his service. Still Adams, who had left behind him a wife and children in England, desired earnestly to return home, and frankly made known his feelings. The emperor, while refusing this request—upon the ground, it would seem, that his assistance was necessary to promote the maritime interests of Japan—granted him permission to invite both his countrymen the English and his late employers the Dutch to open up a trade with every part of the empire.

At the time of which we speak, however, the system of exclusion had never been thought of. All nations were welcomed in Japan, and the mariners of that country, naturally daring, carried on an active intercourse with the Hindu Chinese communities and the various groups of the Indian Archipelago. Instead of crippling the junks by an arbitrary interference with the art of ship-building, the government, as we have seen, sought to introduce improvements by imitating foreign models, so that there then existed no reasons for suspecting that the Japanese islands would not continue to be swayed by the common laws of civilization, and advance with the rest of mankind.

Adams was not fortunate in the channels he selected through which to transmit his letters, either to the English or Dutch East India Company. He would appear to have written either towards the close of 1605, or in the beginning of the following year; but his missives went wandering about the Archipelago until 1609, when falling into the hands of the Dutch authorities at Batavia, they at length produced the desired effect, for a ship, laden with rich merchandise, was immediately despatched, and reached Firando on the 1st of July.

During the previous year, Captain John Saris, then principal of the English factory at Bantam, seems to have received some intelligence of Adams' situation and influence in Japan, whether by letter or mere report is not known; but in whatever way the facts of the case came to his knowledge, he would seem, on his return to England, to have projected a voyage to that country, and to have obtained letters of recommendation from King James I. with that view. He sailed on the 17th of April, 1611, and reaching Java after many perils and adventures in the course of the following year, found there one of the letters of William Adams, which strengthened him in his design. Accordingly in 1613, he arrived with the first English ship in Japan, and commenced that intercourse which,

though interrupted for more than two centuries, may yet, by a bold and judicious diplomacy, be converted into a source of national wealth to us, and of civilization and enlightenment to the Japanese.

Captain Saris found the chief of Firando, whom he dignifies with the name of king, exceedingly well disposed to enter into commercial relations with the English; though the Dutch, who had preceded us, and exceedingly dreaded the loss of the market, put in practice all their accustomed arts to create a prejudice against the new comers. It is satisfactory, however, to observe, that the people of Japan quickly discerned the difference between our rivals and us, and gave ample evidence of the superior confidence they put in our probity and honor. Nevertheless, it soon appeared that the Portuguese had for the time spoiled the trade.

Our merchandise, though greatly admired, sold but slowly. There had, in fact, been a glut of European goods, and it was only by degrees that the taste for useful commodities could be revived, together with the resolution to give adequate prices for them. The factory we had established at Firando continued in existence ten years, that is, from 1613 to 1623, when, through the negligence and apathy of the East India Company, it was voluntarily abandoned.

We now look back with extreme surprise at this act of a commercial body which ought better to have understood its interests, as well as those of the country at large. But the East India Company then partook of the slothfulness which had seized upon the government and the whole people of England. There was neither vigor in the administration nor enterprise in the subject. James I. was too busy in writing *Counterblasts against Tobacco*, in investigating the subject of *Demonology and Witchcraft*, in entertaining his hungry minions from the north, and in staining the scaffold with the best and bravest blood of our country, to think of extending the circle of our foreign trade. The lull which preceded the great political tempest may be said to have begun. People were sharpening their wits and their swords, though, perhaps, unconsciously, for domestic broils, and looked with disdain on the humble profits of trade. Raleigh's distinguished genius failed to inspire with enthusiasm the craven spirit of the age. Truckling to the Spaniards at home, we, in Japan, permitted the majesty of Great Britain to be eclipsed by a knot of knavish Dutchmen, to whom we relinquished a market which, in our hands, might still have been prolific of innumerable advantages, moral and commercial.

But from the first the East India Company had regarded the trade of Japan from an entirely false point of view, esteeming it merely as a means of throwing open that of China. It is curious to observe the revolutions brought about in these matters by time. We may shortly, perhaps, should the present government carry out the intentions which it is understood to entertain, chiefly value the privileges we have acquired in China as a means of opening to us the commerce of Japan. Or, if this be too much to say, at least it will be acknowledged, that among the principal benefits we are likely to derive from our intercourse with China, will be the hold it must inevitably give us on the vast populations lying to the east and south of it.

When by our own fault we had lost the Japanese trade, we began to regret our folly and precipitance, and fourteen years later sought to remedy

the mischief. In 1637, the fleet under Lord Weddel, touched at Nangasaki, where an attempt was made to open negotiations, but without success. The conspiracy of the Portuguese, magnified and filled with imaginary horrors by the Dutch, had deeply alarmed the Japanese government, and rendered it to the last degree jealous of foreigners. How far we were implicated in the misrepresentations of the day, to which our most persevering rivals gave currency, it is now impossible to discover, without a minute study of the native annals of Japan, which, after all, from their brevity and imperfection, might not enable us to clear up the matter. Certain it is that Lord Weddel's visit was ineffectual. The reason, which at that time it would have been difficult to supply, has since been made plain by events, for the Japanese were then on the eve of that unparalleled persecution which extinguished Christianity in their empire. Even the presence of the Dutch, servile and submissive as they were, excited suspicion, which they afterwards in great part allayed, by coöperating with the native princes in the extermination of their brethren in religion. The record of this infamous crime has been preserved by their own historian, who blushes on consigning it to posterity. Decency as well as humanity forbids our entering into the details of those fearful transactions, during which several hundred thousand persons perished. On storming the great fortress in the rebellion of Simabara, the imperial forces, after mounting the battlements, waded ankle deep in the blood of the Christians, who gave their conquerors the example of a defence unequalled in the annals of Japan. But when this last struggle for liberty of conscience had terminated, the light which had dawned upon those islands from the west was supposed to be quenched in blood; and in reality, there has never been any open profession of Christianity in the whole country from that day to this.

It is perfectly intelligible why at such an epoch the Japanese government should be jealous of any Christian powers, whose representatives made their appearance in formidable numbers on the coast; since, conscious of their own sanguinary designs, they naturally feared lest their secret should transpire and excite the active sympathy of Christendom. The Dutch, moreover, are known to have exerted all their influence to exclude us from the country. Of the Spaniards and Portuguese they had now ceased to entertain any dread, but, by a sort of political presentiment, they looked with alarm on the slightest approach of that power which was afterwards to humble their flag on every sea, and to chase them with ignominy from their dominion over the islands. What we ultimately restored to them, we restored through magnanimity; and our reward, just as might have been expected, has been unquenchable enmity.

However, at the period of the seventeenth century to which we have referred, the step we took to renew with Japan the intercourse we had ourselves interrupted proved unavailing; as did likewise the attempt we afterwards made in 1673. But this time the Japanese stated their reasons. Charles II. had married a princess of Portugal, which, according to their views of policy, melted the two nations into one, or, at least, made us the inheritors of the quarrels and antipathies of the Portuguese. Our envoys were therefore dismissed, civilly though firmly, and thenceforward, during a long period of time, Japan appears to have been wholly omitted from our political and commercial calculations, as

well as from those of all other civilized communities.

At this point of our rapid summary of events, it may not be out of place to offer a few remarks on the country and nation whose trade we thus capriciously sacrificed; for it appears to be susceptible of no manner of doubt that, had we employed able envoys, we might have dispelled the prejudices of the Japanese government, and recovered the ground we had lost.

The empire of Japan, enjoying a temperate climate, and blessed for the most part with a fertile soil, consists of a large cluster of islands, greatly varying in size and figure. We abandon to geographers the minute description of them, but may observe in general, that they possess a remarkably indented line of coast, with innumerable bays and harbors, and every possible inducement to a seafaring life. At one time the greater islands, owing to the prevalence of destructive wars, were remarkable for their unproductiveness. Forests abounding in wild beasts, though not for the most part of the carnivorous kinds, covered vast tracts in the interior, where numbers of the rural population subsisted on the produce of the chase. These facts have been inadvertently introduced by some writers into their descriptions of the empire at a later period, when the obstacles to improvement having been removed, agriculture had been brought to such perfection, put woods and forests to flight, and in many cases carried its triumphs to the very summits of the mountains. The obstacles to which allusion has been made were these: Formerly, the empire of Japan, though nominally under one head, was divided, like France in the middle ages, between a number of petty princes, who, too strong for subordination and too weak for independence, maintained a perpetual struggle among themselves, and frequently entered into leagues to resist the crown. Under favorable circumstances this order of things might have ripened into a confederation of free states, but by a fatality common throughout the east, everything tended to strengthen the imperial authority and crush the smaller chiefs, until about the beginning of the seventeenth century the latter were completely reduced to subjection. Nor was this, under the circumstances of the country, to be lamented. The prevalence of anarchy forbade all improvement. But as soon as the imperial authority had acquired a complete and undisputed ascendancy, all classes of the population applied themselves to industrious pursuits, and the condition of the whole empire was rapidly ameliorated. We must not, however, while acknowledging this fact, omit all allusion to another, which may in many respects be regarded as more important; namely, that when the country was divided between many petty princes, each chief displayed a strong desire to offer more inducements than his neighbors to foreign merchants to trade with his ports, or settle in his dominions; so that, had Japan continued to be broken up into small principalities, as it was when Europeans first landed there, much greater progress would have been made in foreign intercourse and internal civilization.

With respect to the commercial resources of the country, which few have examined and fewer still have understood, it will not appear surprising that extravagant and contradictory notions should prevail. One of the leading organs of the continental press, *The Augsburg Gazette*, recently attempted to show, in opposition to *The Morning Chronicle* and *The Times*, first, that Japan is incapacitated by

nature from making any great progress in commerce; and, second, that if this were not the case, the character of the nation is so hostile to strangers, that no reasonable hope can exist of overcoming their disinclination. Almost as a matter of course the German journal applauded the exclusive system, viewing it rather as a measure of prudence than as an effort of barbarism. But we know from what feelings such theories proceed. Great Britain is regarded, throughout the whole world, as the apostle of commerce and freedom; and it is observed, that wherever she has extensive dealings, a new system of thinking and acting is, almost of necessity, introduced; that the subjects of a despotic government should view such a process with dislike is perfectly natural.

But what, when properly examined, has Japan gained by its exclusive system? Have its institutions been beneficially developed? Have the arts of polished life made great progress there? Is the government powerful? Are the people happy? Do they concur with their rulers in thinking that foreigners ought to be repelled from their shores, and that their own condition would be deteriorated by their intercourse with various merchants from the west?

Whether with or without reason, the inhabitants of Japan earnestly desire their government to lay aside its antiquated maxims, and permit them to reënter the circle of human brotherhood. Experience has taught them that the welfare of the people is often based on a different foundation from the power of the rulers. It may possibly suit the existing dynasty to keep, as far as possible, the citizens of the empire from coming in contact with the innovating races of Christendom, who, in many cases at least, look with scorn on the past, and are eager, by the overthrow of worn-out systems, to open themselves a way to superior prosperity. But the industrious classes, there as elsewhere, seem to have made the discovery that governors are not always the best friends of the governed. There is, after all, such a thing as common sense in Japan, where men, capable of thinking, have convinced themselves, that if there ever existed a reason for banishing and excluding the Portuguese, and all other Europeans along with them, it has long ago ceased to deserve any consideration, because the maxims of policy by which, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, European communities were regulated, have now become obsolete. It seems to them, therefore, that their material interests are sacrificed to a superannuated notion. They find themselves in possession of numerous articles, both natural and artificial, of which they have no need, and would be glad to exchange for others superabundant in Europe, but rare or not at all known among them. This fact they render evident by a thousand indications; by crowding round European vessels whenever they touch upon their shores, and, in spite of the incredible risks they are supposed to run, bartering and trafficking with the strangers.

It is not, we may be sure, to a paternal policy that they attribute the hostility of their government, but to a passion for crude despotism, which is always more practicable among simple and secluded people than among races excited by emulation, or urged into reforms by enlightened and alluring theories. For, practically, what advantage do they reap from the interdiction of intercourse with strangers? Are they not urged by a natural impulse towards the development of manufacturing industry, and to produce innumerable articles

of which they are forbidden to dispose? Is it not by stealth that they forward to Europe some of the finest specimens of their ingenuity? A German politician may, doubtless, regard with complacency the obstacles to social improvement, created by the Japanese government, because they remind him of similar contrivances in his own enlightened country, where both the souls and bodies of men move in fetters; but we who have, at least, achieved the privilege of speaking our minds as we please, look with pity on the citizens of a state who can neither sell what they fabricate, nor even fabricate what they please, and who are so far from being allowed to express their own opinions, that it is death to be detected in possession of certain repositories of new ideas.

However, though the industry of the Japanese is greatly cramped, they still possess abundant materials, both natural and artificial, for carrying on a large and lucrative trade with foreign nations. To enumerate all the productions of the country would be tedious, but we may glance at two or three of the principal, merely to show how erroneous are the ideas to which some foreign journals have recently attempted to give currency. The Japanese, they say, are a poor people, with whom to trade would be unprofitable. But how has this conclusion been arrived at? Why, forsooth, by studying the diplomatic note addressed by the court of Yedo to the Russian envoy, in 1805, in which the poverty of the empire is insisted on as a reason for declining to enter into commercial relations with so wealthy and powerful a state as that of the czar. But can it be difficult to comprehend the reason of such misrepresentations? Facts have since come to light which prove that the Japanese government has long felt extreme dread of Russia, which, by pushing its conquests along the whole northern zone of Asia, has too clearly revealed its intention of subjugating in turn all its weaker neighbors. The court of Yedo, in its profound policy, resembles the ostrich, laboring to render its opulence invisible by spreading before it a small diplomatic note. At so poor a device the Russian agent laughed heartily, though not having been instructed to employ any other means than those of persuasion, he feigned satisfaction, and departed.

Nevertheless, the natural resources of Japan, with which Europe became, in part, at least, acquainted during the period of Portuguese ascendancy in the east, cannot be concealed from the world. It is known that the great island of Nipon abounds with mines of gold, the working of which has long been regulated by imperial rescripts. The principles upon which the court bases its economical policy have been differently stated. According to some, it is apprehended that the ore in the mines may, in course of time, become exhausted, and leave the empire dependent for gold upon supplies from foreign countries, while others assign a contrary reason, alleging that the real fear is lest, from its extreme abundance, that precious metal should come to be of little value. Between these parties we shall not attempt to decide. The fact meanwhile is that gold is plentiful in Japan, where it enters largely into the circulating medium, and is lavishly employed in utensils and ornaments.

In regard to the silver mines, the apprehensions of scarcity appear to be better founded. Formerly, ingots of this metal constituted the most ordinary instrument of exchange, and were carried by the Japanese traders to all parts of the Indian Archipelago, to Cochin-China, Siam, and the smaller king-

doms on the Malay peninsula. It was, and still is, coined into money, though the practice has always been common of chopping off pieces from the bars, to be used in lieu of coins. In small transactions, copper money is employed. With this sort of medium the government seems not to interfere, the copper not being minted, but merely cast into small round pieces, with a hole in the middle, by which they are strung into hundreds and thousands, representing a certain weight.

There are two kinds of copper in Japan, one extremely coarse and comparatively of little value, the other of the finest possible quality, and richly impregnated with particles of gold. The second sort is so ductile and malleable, that it is used in the most delicate works in lieu of the superior metals. Both the Dutch and Chinese are always anxious that a large portion of their exported cargoes should consist of Japanese copper, on which, wherever they dispose of it, they make large profits.

Another production of the Japanese Islands is coal, to which, in former times, little importance was attached by the foreign traders to Japan, though were we to succeed in obtaining a footing in that country, we should probably set a higher value on it than on anything else found in the whole empire. Respecting its quality, no information has been obtained. We know, however, that it is plentiful, and that the fields extend over nearly the whole of the northern provinces, where it would seem to constitute the only fuel used by the inhabitants. Popular tradition speaks of a mountain wholly composed of coal, which taking fire some centuries ago, became a volcano, and has ever since continued burning. In what circumstances the story originated it might now be difficult to discover. The whole group of islands, however, is evidently of a volcanic formation, nearly everywhere rising into sharp and lofty cones, from which smoke and flame perpetually issue. In many places we find the craters of extinct volcanoes, with clefts and vast caverns, from which is obtained an inexhaustible supply of sulphur.

But notwithstanding that the general character of the country is mountainous, a sufficiency of level land is found to be applied to the cultivation of rice, which is confessedly the best in Asia, and, upon comparison, will probably be found to yield in no respects to the finest from Carolina. During the period of the civil wars, when agriculture was greatly neglected, Japan scarcely raised a sufficient quantity of rice, or any other grain, for native consumption, but since the complete establishment of internal peace, a great change and numerous improvements have been effected; so that if its ports were thrown open to-morrow, an immense supply might there be obtained, both of rice and flour. The progress made by the Japanese in the culture of the soil may be adduced as a proof that they are not a stationary people. When the Jesuits first arrived, their agriculture was of the rudest description, so that thousands were driven to have recourse to the wild herbs spontaneously produced by the earth, while the finest lands lay fallow. At present, wherever cultivation is practicable, the whole group resembles a garden. The sides of the mountains are cultivated in terraces, which rise one above another to the very summit, and present the most luxuriant picture upon which the eye can repose.

In the south nearly all the fruits of the tropics are found in abundance, while the northern provinces greatly resemble in their productions the less favored

climates of Europe. For the olive, and we believe the vine also, Japan is indebted to the Jesuits. When the latter was introduced seems not to be exactly known, but they would appear to have brought the former along with them so early as the middle of the sixteenth century; so that whenever a Japanese looks upon that tree of peace, he must, we should think, remember the good fathers with a feeling of pleasure.

On the most recent visit of the English, several natives expressed a wish to obtain a few grains of the rice of India, that they might make an experiment on its cultivation, but were afraid to accept at the same time of a number of European seeds which were offered them, lest upon the growth of the plants they should be discovered to have held intercourse with foreigners; and on that account, be fined or put to death. In the case of the rice there was no danger, because, though the grains might be smaller, or otherwise exhibit some slight differences, sufficient grounds would not exist for instituting a criminal process against them.

Among the articles which enter into the trade of Japan with China, several extremely curious ones are enumerated; for example, red and yellow pearls, and an artificial imitation of the edible birds' nests, on which the Chinese set so high a value. No country in the world, perhaps, could export so large a quantity of ambergris, together with many other ingredients used in the manufacture of costly perfumes. Valuable materials for dyeing, also, with the most beautiful varnishes and hemp, and a variety of salt provisions, enter into the exports of Japan, which would take in return almost all the goods of Europe and India.

Its sword-blades, if we may rely on the testimony of the Dutch, excel in edge and temper those of Damascus itself; but they are among the articles the exportation of which is prohibited, though some few rare specimens, smuggled at great risk on board the Dutch ships, are exhibited in the Royal Museum at the Hague.

The writer in *The Augsburgh Gazette*, to whose lucubrations we have already referred, conceives it to be very greatly for the interest of the Dutch to oppose the commercial views of Great Britain. From this observation it might, perhaps, be inferred that the trade of our neighbors with that empire is a thing of considerable magnitude, conducted on a liberal footing, and peculiarly honorable to the people who alone, among Europeans, are permitted to visit that country. But what is the actual state of the case? There exists, properly speaking, no intercourse between Holland and Japan. Eleven Dutchmen, without wives or servants, are suffered to vegetate from year to year on a diminutive artificial islet, built like a breakwater, at a short distance from the shore, in the harbor of Nangasaki. Here, imprisoned and treated like criminals, that is to say, with every sort of contumely and indignity, the Dutchmen ply their contemptible traffic, overlooked, snubbed, insulted, trampled upon by the meanest of the Japanese functionaries. The Jews in Europe during the middle ages were not subjected to more ignominious treatment. The chief of the factory, some years ago, took along with him his young wife from Batavia. On her arrival she was constrained to submit to personal examination like a man, and afterwards, as soon as the imperial pleasure could be known, was reëmbarked with her child and nurse, and transported, like a malefactor, back to Java. The governor of Nangasaki thinks, appar-

ently, that the admission of European or Javanese wives would diminish the demand for the native article, the captive Hollanders being at present compelled to connect themselves, in some fleeting kind of matrimony, with the least reputable females of Japan, who alone are suffered to live with or serve them. Even these wretched creatures are the victims of perpetual persecution, not being suffered to bring forth children or die on the island. When near their confinement, or on their death-bed, they are seized by the police and carried, perhaps in their last agonies, to die on the main land. The children are educated and the corpses buried at the expense of the Dutch, who may be said to be almost equally ignorant of the fate of both.

We should be glad to know, therefore, whether or not Holland has great reason to be proud of the exception made in its favor by Japan! We mean, of course, with reference to European nations, because the Chinese enjoy still greater privileges, being allowed to send annually twelve junks to Nagasaki, while the Dutch are restricted to two vessels. But the Celestials themselves would appear to receive little more dignified treatment than the Dutchmen, though allowed to reside on shore in a small quarter of the town appropriated exclusively to them. Through these poor catiffs the broadcloths of England and the piece-goods of Hindustan find their way, in very small quantities, into the Japanese empire, which, if delivered from the villainous system of restriction that now oppresses it, would multiply its consumption ten thousand fold.

But then comes the question, Is it probable, since all attempts hitherto made have failed, that a commercial mission despatched at this moment would be crowned with success? If properly organized and conducted by an able man, we make no doubt of it. Look at the circumstances under which Englishmen have made their appearance in Japan ever since the reign of Charles II. Cook's expedition sailed down the eastern coast of Nipon after the death of the great navigator, but sought to enter into no negotiations. Twelve years later Captain Colnett, in a vessel of 400 tons, did all, perhaps, that a private individual could do; but being invested with no public authority, could hardly have been expected to carry his point. The same remark may be applied to the efforts made in 1803, 1813, and 1818, though, on the last occasion, the Japanese government long hesitated before it reiterated its refusal. Captain Pelew's enterprise in 1808 can only be referred to as an untoward affair. He attempted little, and achieved nothing; and the same thing, we fear, will have to be repeated as often as naval officers shall be despatched, uncontrolled, on such services.

When the whole history of our intercourse with Japan, or rather of our non-intercourse, comes to be examined, the discovery is made that we have neglected that valuable market altogether. Not a single diplomatic mission has ever been sent thither, nor has any step been taken that could have led us to hope for success. However weak or pitiful the Japanese government may be, it could not be expected to relinquish its hereditary policy at the summons of a mere sea-captain in a vessel little larger than a boat, for the craft in which Captain Gordon visited Yedo in 1818, was only of fifty-six tons burden; yet being a shrewd man, of affable temper and pleasant manners, he was within an ace of effecting his purpose. At the requisition of an humble clipper, the sovereign of Japan consented to

re-consider the laws of his empire; and though he at last determined to abide by them, he manifestly came to that resolution with reluctance. Had a judicious envoy been there in his stead in a first-rate line-of-battle ship, with a frigate and two or three war-steamers, the imperial decision would no doubt have been different. Not that such a force could overawe the emperor—the supposition is ridiculous; but, from the magnificence of the mission, he would infer the greatness of the country by which it was sent, his pride would be soothed, and, finding himself appealed to like a great monarch, he would think it for his dignity and credit to yield. This, at least, is the point of view in which the press of this country contemplates the proposed mission to Japan. There is among us no idea of employing brute force in order to extort a permission to trade, but, knowing the character of Oriental princes, aware of their veneration for pomp and splendor, we conceive it would be well worth the while of Great Britain to employ some portion of its navy to enlarge incalculably the commerce of the country.

But should the thing be determined on, we would deprecate most earnestly the idea of selecting either a naval or military man to conduct the business of the mission. This would be imprudent on many grounds. In the first place, such diplomatists are too apt to infuse into political transactions the uncouth manners of the camp or quarter-deck; and if they avoided this error, as in many cases they doubtless might, there would still, in the second place, be the objection arising from the very nature of their professions, which the emperor might suppose to convey a menace.

The individual sent out as our envoy, ought to be a statesman acquainted with the laws, history, character, and manners of the Japanese, and in other respects qualified to win upon their good feelings. The magnificence of his position would ensure him a hearing; and if he used his opportunity skilfully, there would scarcely be a chance of failure. The history of our Indian empire, to which the continental writers refer with a sneer, would in no way interfere with his diplomacy. He might challenge the court of Yedo to scrutinize it; and with still greater confidence he might point to the Chinese war, during which, when the sceptre of a vast empire was laid at our feet, we refused to pick it up, and contented ourselves with the cession of a barren rock, and permission to trade as merchants. It might be further proved that we seek not the multiplication of colonies and dependencies: and in lieu of making imperial settlements, even when surrounded by the most powerful incentives, we content ourselves with naval stations and emporiums, as at Labuan, on the north-west coast of Kalamantan. In the course of the negotiation, however, should the introduction of unpleasant topics be found advisable, he might allude to the facility with which we could take possession of Quelpart's Island, and from thence command the whole coasting trade and external relations of Japan. This topic would, of course, be kept in the back-ground until every other should have been dwelt on in vain; though, as a last resource, it might be made to tell. Still we by no means expect that it would be needed, because, considering the position now occupied by Great Britain, and the character she everywhere enjoys in Asia, our persuasion is that Japan would cheerfully accede to our request, and save us the trouble of lengthened arguments. At all events, a case has been clearly made out in favor of trying the experiment, which, if brought to a fortunate

issue, would provide a vast outlet for British manufactures, and tend at the same time to enrich us and civilize the Japanese empire. It is earnestly to be hoped, therefore, that ministers will take the matter into consideration, more especially as the idea, though originating with the press, has been unequivocally adopted by public opinion.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

CANADA AND THE CANADIANS.*

CANADA and Canadian affairs have lately attracted an unwonted degree of attention in this country. This, not so much on account of the elements of discord that exist within the country, of the 25,000 emigrants who annually quit the father-land for its virgin soil, nor of the wistful eye cast by the French to the still-existing race, which at one time peopled and governed so large a portion of the Columbian continent, nor even of the absolute certainty of universal American dominion over the New World so loudly bawled by all grasping republicans; but because clever, sensible, well-informed Englishmen, like Colonel Bonnycastle and the author of "Hochelaga," have come to discuss the question of a Canadian "empire," or a Canadian "state," as one of mere time. The British public will, therefore, soon become habituated to see it in the same light, which is probably to be regretted, as Canada must ever be a stronger bulwark against a ravenous republic, as a British province, than it can be as an isolated Canadian empire; but, alas! there is no fighting against the nature of things; except the children of a few staunch veterans, and of a few loyal emigrants, the first or second generation of settlers inevitably become more Canadian than British. The little changes that take place in political feeling among parties within a few years, and it is with such, for example, that Colonel Bonnycastle chiefly occupies himself, are not of really great importance in a question like this. The great point is, are the sympathies most Canadian or American? We do not believe that they are at all Anglican, excepting when their Anti-Americanism happens to tally with British interests.

For example, Colonel Bonnycastle has taken the long-vilified French Canadian, or "Jean Baptiste," as he is called, into great favor.

"A better soul (he says) than that merry mixture of bonhomie and phlegm, the French Canadian is, the wide world's surface does not produce. Visionary notions of *la gloire de la nation Canadienne*, instilled into him by restless men, who panted for distinction, and cared not for distraction, misled the *bonnet rouge* awhile; but he has superadded the thinking cap since; and, although he may not readily forget the sad lesson he received, yet he has no more idea of being annexed to the United States than I have of being Grand Lama."

So of the Irish, whom the Americans so heartily detest.

"In the event of a war, the Catholic Irish, to a man—and what a formidable body it is in Canada and the United States!—will be on the side of England. O'Connell has prophesied rightly there; for it is not in human nature to forget the wrongs which the Catholics have suffered for the past ten years in a country professing universal freedom and toleration."

* Canada and the Canadians, in 1846. By Sir Richard Henry Bonnycastle, Knight, Lieutenant-Colonel of Royal Engineers and Militia of Canada West. 2 vols., 8vo., 1846.

It is a curious fact, and pregnant with future importance, that the Americans fear the Celts as well as mistrust them. Ever in a state of natural opposition to the Anglo-Saxon races, they yet predominate in numbers in some of the largest cities of the States, New York for example. The greater portion of the Indian tribes in the north-west and west, and their numbers are very great, also all nourish deep hatred, dislike, and enmity, to the "Big Knives." This, it can be readily understood, may exist without any great sympathy for British rule, beyond its being Anti-American. "Those," says Colonel Bonnycastle, "who really wish Canada well, desire it to become a second Britain, and not a mere second Texas." But apart from the balance of power, so desirable on many accounts, which would result from such a state of things, the prospect of opening a communication, which nature has long pointed to, by the Canadian and Columbian lakes and rivers, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the agricultural and newly-discovered mineral wealth of the country, its daily increasing resources and the strength lent to it as a barrier to republican aggrandizement, by its connexion with Great Britain, demand that all the power of the latter country should be thrown into the scale, before that connexion is allowed to be interrupted or broken. "The advantages of Canada," says our author, "are enormous; much greater, in fact, than they are usually thought to be at home."

"I recollect," he says in another place, "that about twelve years ago, a person of very strong mind, who edited the 'Patriot,' a newspaper published at Toronto, Mr. Thomas Dalton, was looked upon as a mere enthusiast, because one of his favorite ideas, frequently expressed, was, that much time would not elapse before the teas and silks of China would be transported direct from the shores of the Pacific to Toronto, by canal, by river, by railroad, and by steam."

Twelve years, he goes on to say, have scarcely passed since he first broached such a preposterous notion, as people of limited views universally esteemed it, and already an uninterrupted steamboat communication exists from England to Lake Superior, and two thousand miles of water of road have been opened last year by the Ottawa, the St. Lawrence, and the Welland. "The vast and splendid forests north of the Columbia river will," adds Colonel Bonnycastle, "furnish the dock-yards of the Pacific coast with the inexhaustible means of extending our commercial and military marine."

General and political considerations of this nature are inevitably forced upon us by Colonel Bonnycastle's work, following so closely upon the no less suggestive and sensible reasonings upon the same subject of the anonymous author of "Hochelaga," a work from which we extracted largely at the time, and which we are glad to see has already reached a second edition. We would wish to turn to subjects of a more amusing and miscellaneous character, but in countries so circumstanced as the United States and Canada, they are almost always pervaded by the same leaven, human activity having in the New World always a political bias. Few things struck us as more beautiful than the author's suggestion of providential objects in the existing government, as adapted to the future destiny of the United States. Must it not, indeed, be always so, however difficult prejudice may make it, to see or detect the operations of the same all-wise superintendence?

"There can be, however," says Colonel Bonny-

castle, "very little doubt in the mind of a person whose intellects have been carefully developed, and who has used them quietly to reason on apparent conclusions, that the United States has answered a purpose hitherto, and that a wise one; for the impatience of control which every new-comer from the Old World naturally feels, when he discovers that he has only escaped the dominion of long established custom, to fall under the more despotic dominion of new opinions, prompts him, if he differs, and he always naturally does, where so many opinions are suddenly brought to light and forced on his acquiescence, to move out of their sphere. Hence emigration westward is the result, and hence, for the same reason, the old sea-board states, where the force of the laws operate more strongly than in the central regions, annually pour out to the western forests their mass of discontented citizens."

We had imagined that the clearance of the land was the most laborious of the settler's duties, but it appears that the clearance may be carried too far, as by the *lumberers*, the cutters and surreptitious conveyors of the best timber from the settler's estate. The character of these people may be judged of by the following anecdote:—

"I was exploring last year some woods in a newly settled township, the township of Seymour West, in the Newcastle district of Upper Canada, with a view to see the nakedness of the land, which had been represented to me as flowing with milk and honey, as all new settlements, of course, are said to do. I wandered into the lonely but beautiful forest, with a companion who owned the soil, and who had told me that the lumberers were robbing him and every settler around of their best pine timber. After some toiling, and tracing the sound of the axes, few and far between, felling in the distance, we came upon the unvarying boy at cookery, the axe, and the dog.

"My conductor at once saw the extent of the mischief going on, and finding that the gang, although distant from the camp-fire, was numerous, advised that we should retrace our steps. We, however, interrogated the boy, who would scarcely answer, and pretended to know nothing. The dog began to be inquisitive too, and one of the dogs we had with us venturing a little too near a savory piece of pork, the nature of the young half-bred ruffian suddenly blazed out, and the axe was uplifted to kill poor Dash. I happened to have a good stick, and interfered to prevent dog-murder, upon which the wood-demon ejaculated that he would as soon kill me as the dog, and, therefore, my companion had to show his gun; for showing his teeth would have been of little avail with the young savage."

The best boat on Lake Erie is, it appears, an English steamer, called the *Thames*; which is a matter of surprise, as, according to all Yankees, they excel us in building vessels "by a long chalk," and they have on the same lake a great number more vessels, several of which are much larger than this "Britisher." Among the American vessels is one pierced for twenty-four guns, which carries an enormous Paixhan, ready to throw her shells into Kingston, if ever it should be required! The worst of these iron boats, our gallant author remarks, is, that two can play at shell-ing and long shots, and such a vessel might very

possibly get the worst of it from a heavy battery on the level of the sea.

Imagine a *street* thirty-three miles in length! yet, such is the length of Yonge-street, which is one continuous settlement, with an occasional sprinkling of the original forest, from Toronto to St. Albans.

Colonel Bonnycastle gives a sad account of the progress of materialism and utilitarianism at Niagara, or Ne-aw-gaw-rah, "the thundering water," as he tells us it ought to be pronounced. So disgusted was he to see the spirit of pelf, that concentration of self hovering over the one of the last wonders of the world, that he hurried away to the three-horse railway of notorious inconvenience, and only forgot his misery in scrambling for a place.

But we must cease our wanderings, even with so pleasing and instructive a traveller. There is nothing that so quickly familiarizes a stranger with a country, as the chatty and anecdotic style which the author has adopted. There is an easy gentlemanly confidence in saying always what is uppermost, that begets equal confidence on the part of the reader, and a freely-yielded reliance on his guide and preceptor during his fire-side Canadian rambles.

THE COURT APOLLO.

SIMILAR to Moses, the tailor, the court keeps a poet, but, unlike Moses, makes no use of him. This is a pity. Why should the laureateship be a sinecure? There are many who would undertake it on condition of writing a poem every day. A diurnal subject would be supplied in the movements of the court, which, being intrinsically dignified, are well worthy of poetic celebration, instead of being chronicled in that very poor prose which comes out as the Court Circular. We venture to exemplify this assertion.

The dew-drop glistened on the thorn,
The sunbeam glimmer'd on the brook;
The queen her early walk this morn
Together with Prince Albert took.

Their usual pony exercise
Took, this forenoon, the children royal;
Oh! pleasing sight unto the eyes
Of all spectators truly loyal.

At half-past twelve Prince Albert went
The sport of shooting to pursue;
His royal highness homeward bent
His princely steps to lunch at two.

The royal pair this afternoon
Took in the park their wonted drive;
Returning to the castle soon,
That is, five minutes after five.

At half-past eight our gracious queen
And prince the stout sirloin discuss'd;
And Hesse-Homburg's Landgravine
Arriving, joined the sphere august.

The coldstream and the private band
This evening in attendance were;
And polka, waltz, and saraband
With tuneful thunder rent the air.

Punch.

From Chambers' Journal.

A TALE OF MODERN GERMANY.

ONE of the features of our time—as of all times, each of which is new in its generation—is the character of its crimes. Every phasis of human affairs, every advance in civilization, every shade of improvement in our material comforts and conveniences, gives rise to new modes and forms—nay, to actual new births—of crime, the germs of which were only waiting for a congenial soil to spring in; whilst others are but modifications of the old inventions, accommodated to new circumstances.

There are thus stages in the history of crime indicative of ages. First, we have the heroic. At a very early period of a nation's annals crime is bloody, bold, and resolute. Ambitious princes "make quick conveyance" with those who stand in the way of their advancement; and fierce barons slake their enmity and revenge in the blood of their foes, with little attempt at concealment, and no appearance of remorse. Next comes the age of strange murders, mysterious poisonings, and life-long incarcerations; when the passions, yet rife, unsubdued by education and the practical influence of religion, and rebellious to the new restraints of law, seek their gratification by hidden and tortuous methods. This is the romantic era of crime. But as civilization advances, it descends to a lower sphere, sheltering itself chiefly in the squalid districts of poverty and wretchedness; the last halo of the romantic and heroic fades from it; and except where it is the result of brutal ignorance, its chief characteristic becomes astuteness.

In perusing lately some continental *causes célèbres*, we have been struck by the strange tinge of romance which still colors the page of their criminal records, causing them to read like the annals of a previous century. We think we perceive also a state of morals somewhat in arrear of the stage which we have reached, and certainly some curious and very defective forms of law; and these two causes combined, seem to give rise to criminal enterprises which in this country could scarcely have been undertaken, or, if they were, must have met with immediate detection and punishment.

There is also frequently a singular complication or imbroglio in the details, such as would be impossible in this island of daylight—for enveloped in fog as we are physically, there is a greater glare thrown upon our actions here than among any other nation of the world perhaps—an imbroglio that appears to fling the narrative back into the romantic era, and to indicate that it belongs to a stage of civilization we have already passed.

How thoroughly foreign and strange to us was the history of Madame Lafarge! How unlike ours were the modes and habits of life it disclosed, and how vividly one felt that it was the tale of another land! So of the Priest Riembauden, noticed in a late number of the Edinburgh Review, who murdered the woman he had outraged. The details of his crime were as foreign to us as the language he spoke. So of many others we could name: but for the present, we will content ourselves with a case that occurred a few years ago at Leipsic. To what age or class our present story might be properly assigned, we should be somewhat puzzled to determine—the circumstances of the crime being, as far as we know, without precedent, and, we hope, not destined to form one; whilst the boldness of the enterprise on the one hand, and the veil of

mystery that still hangs over the motives of the perpetrator on the other, seem to endue it with the mingled hues of the savage and the romantic. This question, however, we will leave our readers to decide for themselves.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock on the morning of the 28th of February, 1812, that a gentleman presented himself at the door of Mr. Schmidt, an affluent merchant of Leipsic. Being admitted to an interview, he informed Mr. Schmidt that he was from Hamburg, where, not finding affairs favorable to his objects, he had come to see what could be done in Saxony; and, describing himself as especially recommended to Mr. Schmidt's good offices, he requested that gentleman's advice with respect to the most advantageous mode of laying out his money.

In the course of this conversation, which lasted upwards of half an hour, Mr. Schmidt opened his desk, and took from it a bill to the amount of one hundred dollars, which the visitor begged leave to inspect. Having done so, he restored it to the owner, who, whilst returning it to the place whence he had taken it, suddenly sank to the ground, deprived of consciousness. On recovering his senses, he cried to the stranger to assist him; but the stranger was gone.

When Mr. Schmidt arose from the floor, which he did with much difficulty—for his head was bleeding profusely—he saw the chairs standing about in confusion, and his desk open, and a moment's examination showed him that bills to the amount of three thousand dollars were missing.

By this time his cries had summoned to his aid Vetter, the landlord of the house, and his wife, who, having bound up his bleeding head as well as they could, the unfortunate man, to whom indignation and despair lent strength, rushed into the street, and making his way to the sheriff's office, there lodged information against the stranger, giving the best description of him he could. Notices were immediately sent to all the banking houses in the city, together with the numbers of the missing bills; but quickly as this was done, it was too late. The house of Frege and Company had already cashed them.

On learning this, Mr. Schmidt returned home, took to his bed, and, after an illness of some duration, died from the consequences of the wounds in his head, which the surgeons declared had been inflicted with considerable violence, and by a blunt instrument.

Before he expired, he reiterated upon oath the above particulars, adding that he did not know how or why he had fallen, nor whether the stranger had struck him or not. An idea seems to have prevailed at the time that he had sunk to the ground immediately after taking a pinch of snuff from the stranger's box; but this fact was not positively established. Of the appearance of this ill-omened visitor he could give very little description, except that he believed him to be about forty years of age.

The account given by the bankers was, that between the hours of ten and eleven on the day in question a stranger had presented himself, requesting cash for the bills, which he duly received, partly in gold, and partly in silver. As far as they had observed, he exhibited no appearance of haste or uneasiness whatever. On the contrary, he had not only counted the money and inspected the various coins with great deliberation, but he had returned some of them, requesting others in their

place. With respect to his appearance, both they and Vetter, who had seen him in Mr. Schmidt's office, agreed that he was well-dressed and had much the air of a country clergyman.

This scanty information furnished no clue to the discovery of the assassin. The murdered man was laid in his grave; and, after causing much terror and excitement amongst the inhabitants of Leipsic for a time, the story sank into oblivion, and was forgotten, or at least ceased to be talked of.

A year had elapsed, and the month of February had come round again, when one morning a rumor spread through the city that a fearful murder had been committed on the person of an elderly lady of property called Kunhardt. It appeared that Madame Kunhardt had sent out her maid between eight and nine o'clock in the morning to fetch a flask of wine from a house hard by. The girl declared she had not been absent five minutes, and that, on her return, she was met in the entrance-hall by a clergyman, who asked her if she was going out, and whether she should be long. She told him she was now returning; whereupon he went quickly forth at the street door. The girl then ascending to her mistress, heard the old lady's voice crying, "Hanne! Hanne!" and on entering the apartment, she discovered her lying in one corner of the anteroom, with her head bleeding. She told the maid that a stranger, who had brought her that letter, pointing to one on the floor, had struck her down. On being asked if she knew him, she said she had never seen him before to her knowledge. The letter, stained with blood, proved, on examination, to be addressed to Madame Kunhardt, and purported that she should give the bearer one thousand dollars. It was dated Hohendorf, 24th January, 1813.

The walls and the floor were sprinkled with blood, and from one spot the coloring of the wainscot seemed to be rubbed off.

A Dr. Kunitz, who resided in the same house, said that, just before he heard the maid crying for help, he had seen a middle-sized man, in a dark frock-coat and a black cap, going out at the street door. His coat was marked as if it had been rubbed against the wall.

Of course suspicion fell upon this stranger; the more so as the maid said that the same gentleman had called two days before, and inquired for her mistress, but had gone away on learning she was engaged with company. The coachman's wife also, who lived in the lower part of the house, had seen the stranger on that occasion, and at his request had directed him to the apartments of Madame Kunhardt. She having business that way herself, had followed him up stairs. Just, however, as they reached the door, Hanne opened it to let in the baker, whereon the stranger turned down stairs again, saying it was a mistake, and went straight out of the house.

Meantime Madame Kunhardt died, and the alarm became very general: people grew extremely shy of receiving morning visitors; and several persons came forward laying claim to the honor of having already been favored with the attentions of this mysterious stranger; amongst the rest, the wife of Dr. Kunitz, and a Demoiselle Junius, a lady of considerable fortune. But on both of these occasions circumstances had been adverse to the success of his object.

Presently a rumor began to circulate that the maid had been heard saying that she knew who the assassin was, and that he was a clergyman whom

she had often seen whilst living in her last place, with a certain Dr. H——; whereon being called upon to name him, she fixed upon a gentleman, who was immediately arrested; but on being confronted with him, neither she nor any of the witnesses recognized him as the person whose morning visits had become so notorious. This mistake, however, directed attention to another clergyman, who was in the habit of frequenting her late master's house; and Dr. H—— remembered that a friend of his, called Tinius, had slept at his house on the night preceding the murder of Madame Kunhardt; had gone out about eight o'clock in the morning; and had returned at nine, after having read the newspapers, and bought a book of a person named Rau, which he brought in with him.

Dr. Tinius was a man on whom no shadow of suspicion had ever rested. He was a minister of Posenna, an eloquent and far-famed preacher; an author, amongst other things, of his own biography; a man of deep learning, and one of the greatest book collectors in Germany. His library contained not less than sixty thousand volumes.

Nevertheless, strange as the thing seemed, suspicion attached itself to Dr. Tinius; but in so delicate a matter, where the reputation of so eminent a man was concerned, great caution was felt to be requisite. Before they ventured to accuse him, they carried the maid Hanne to Posenna. Tinius, who happened to be just stepping out of his house, turned pale at the sight of her. She declared he was the man, and he was forthwith arrested, and carried to prison.

Nothing could equal the surprise of the citizens of Leipsic at this discovery, nor their horror when further investigations brought to light many other attempted assassinations, besides the successful one of Mr. Schmidt. When we say *brought to light*, we mean produced a universal persuasion that the, till now, respected Dr. Tinius was the criminal; for to this day, although so many years have elapsed since these events occurred, they are shrouded in an impenetrable mystery; and Dr. Tinius still lives, residing at a place called Zeitz, under surveillance. Nor does there appear much reason to hope that the secret will be cleared up by a deathbed confession, old age having hitherto brought with it no appearance of remorse.

At the end of the first year he was degraded from his clerical office, a ceremony which appears to have been conducted with great solemnity, and given over to the civil power; after which, by his talent and obstinacy, the investigation or trial was spun out nine years more.

The success with which many criminals in Germany seem to elude conviction, frustrate the law, and thus prolong their own lives, forms a very remarkable feature in the criminal records of the country, and appears to indicate something extremely defective in the judicial process; in short, the difficulty of obtaining a conviction seems quite extraordinary; and we find numerous instances of trials extending to ten or more years, where no shadow of doubt could exist as to the guilt of the parties arraigned.

Neither, as regarded Dr. Tinius, has any reasonable motive for these extraordinary assassinations been discovered: the one most commonly suggested is that which romance has attributed to Eugene Aram; namely, an inordinate desire to purchase books. Others believe him to have been actuated by a diabolical hatred to mankind, more especially to the prosperous portion of it.

He had two wives, neither of whom lived happi-

ly with him; and there were not wanting persons who declared that he had always inspired them with an inexplicable repugnance; but this feeling had never been heard of till after the crime.

Dr. Tinius endeavored to prove an *alibi*, but with very indifferent success; and it goes far to establish his guilt, that several letters were found in his house of a like nature to the one he had presented to Madame Kunhardt, and addressed to various opulent people in the city, evidently intended for the same atrocious purpose. A hammer, with the handle shortened, so as to be conveniently carried in the pocket, was also discovered; and it was thought that the wounds on Madame Kunhardt's head had been inflicted with such an instrument.

But amongst the most extraordinary features in this affair, are the numerous letters he wrote to his friends—respectable men, generally clergymen—whilst he was in prison, and the investigation was pending. Letters, coolly requesting them to hide this, destroy that, and swear the other, which, whilst they furnish the strongest proof of his guilt, betray at the same time either the entire absence of all moral perceptions on his own part, or else a conviction that these honorable men were in that condition themselves. These letters refer to certain matters connected with the murder of Mr. Schmidt, as well as that of Madame Kunhardt.

It appeared that the first intimation he had that he was suspected, was from a letter sent to Posenna by some friend, dated February 17. It informed him of the maid-servant's deposition; and at the bottom of the page were these words, *Deleatur et igni tradatur*; a piece of advice which, strangely enough, he neglected to follow.

The murder of Mr. Schmidt was supposed to be the first successful crime of this bold assassin; though doubtless not the first attempted. And a bold enterprise it certainly was: in broad daylight, in a frequented street of a populous city, to introduce himself into the office of an affluent and well-known merchant, and rob him of his life and his money with so much adroitness, that the people in the house heard no disturbance; and with so much self-possession, that he was able immediately afterwards to present himself at a banking-house and not only coolly demand cash for the stolen bills, but count the money and select his coin with a degree of deliberation and repose of manner that would have been sufficient to disarm suspicion, had any existed.

He does not appear, however, to have been quite so much at his ease after the murder of Madame Kunhardt. Circumstances there had been less favorable; and if booty were his object, he had been disappointed. The maid Hanne, to whom he spoke in the hall, asserted that he looked very pale; as did also the cook at Dr. H——'s. She said that when he returned home that morning his face was ashy white, and his step unsteady; and that when he entered the parlor, he stood for some minutes with his hand, which visibly shook, resting on the Bible. She had remarked the same symptoms of agitation at table whilst he laughed and joked, and exerted himself to appear cheerful and disengaged; and although, during his several examinations, the system of obstinate denial he had adopted was never shaken, yet there were moments wherein he betrayed an irrepressible confusion, which he endeavored to mask by a violent fit of yawning.

Whilst in confinement, he occupied himself chiefly in writing and corresponding with his acquaintance. When he was released under surveil-

lance, his former congregation, disliking to receive him amongst them, subscribed a sufficient sum to provide him with a domicile elsewhere.

He is described as a middle-sized man, of pale complexion, and black hair, which he wore combed straight down on each side of his head. He was generally wrapt in a blue cloak; and thus he went about paying these fearful morning visits, with his mysterious snuff-box and deadly hammer in his pocket, biding his opportunity.

The following remarkable passage was found in his autobiography, written *previous* to the occurrence of the events above narrated. "The fact that it is not customary to publish the histories and motives of living persons, is sufficient to exonerate me for having omitted to treat openly on these subjects. The picture which I now paint is for posterity. The colors will remain unfaded, and the drawing correct. Many men's thoughts have been laid open to me, and their words and deeds have pronounced judgment upon them; and be it longer or shorter, we shall one day stand before the great Judge, where the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and all that is hid in darkness be brought to light. Meantime, I wait my justification in patience, being so accustomed to calumny, that it has ceased to affect me—especially since I observe that it is not *my* honor, but their own, that my enemies injure. To suffer for righteousness' sake is pleasing in the eyes of God and man. I will hold fast the truth that is in Jesus, fight the battles of my God unto the death, and rest my hopes on the promise of the dying saint—"So, my son, shall the Lord fight for thee."

From Chambers' Journal.

EXPLOITS OF ONE OF THE STUARTS.

THOSE conversant with the circumstances of the gallant, rash, and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth's rising, may remember that his pretensions to the British throne were founded on his birth; and that he was the natural son of King Charles II. by Miss Lucy Walters of Haversford, having been born at Rotterdam in 1649, under the name of Crofts. He came to England in 1662, and was created Duke of Orkney, and on the 7th February, 1663, Baron of Tindale, Earl of Doncaster, and Duke of Monmouth. Having retired to Holland in the latter end of the reign of King Charles, then at variance with the court, he made his hostile invasion of England on the accession of King James, and was proclaimed king. His army, consisting of about 5000 horse and foot, was defeated by the Earl of Faversham. The duke was arrested, committed to the Tower, and beheaded on the 15th July, 1685. His wife, the Duchess of Buccleuch, was still alive; but the duke, alleging that this marriage had been forced on him by his father at the age of fifteen, before he was capable of making a proper choice, had, in his mature age, contracted another alliance with Henrietta Maria Wentworth, Baroness of Nettleshead, and avowed that he considered her as his lawful wife before God and man. Before his execution, the duke was, however, refused the sacrament by Drs. Tension and Hooper, unless he should confess the sin and adultery in which he had lived with the Lady Wentworth. By her he had a son, who was deprived of all inheritance, as being illegitimate; but being conveyed to Paris by a Colonel Smyth, an adherent of the Duke of Monmouth, this child was by him educated, and left heir to his for-

tune. This son was Colonel Wentworth Smyth, who afterwards engaged in the Stuart cause in 1715 and in 1745; a few years after which, when in his seventy-second year, he was beset on a bridge in the Highlands of Scotland by three soldiers of the royal army, in the expectation of reward, and in the desperate struggle that ensued, he fell over the parapet, and was drowned along with two of them.

This Colonel Wentworth Smyth left a son, Ferdinand, then only in his sixth year, by Eleanor, daughter of Sir Robert Needham, a great-granddaughter of the same Duke of Monmouth; she had died, however, three years before, and Ferdinand Smyth Stuart remained an orphan. His double affinity to the Stuarts was probably the cause of the striking likeness which, in after years, he bore to all the portraits of Charles II. His life of strange vicissitude still more strongly marks his participation in the doom of that fated house.

Reared amidst the Grampian Hills at a period when four fifths of the inhabitants spoke Erse or Gaelic, and called the Lowland dialect Sassenach or Saxon, Ferdinand Smyth Stuart included English as a foreign language amidst the branches of a liberal education bestowed upon him. Removed to Aberdeen, he studied for the medical profession, and attended the lectures of the celebrated Dr. Gregory, whom he always emphatically described as "a blessing sent from heaven to serve mankind," and as "an honor to human nature." Stimulated by a wish to behold the polar regions, he made his first professional essay as surgeon to a Greenland whaler, and was highly gratified by the experiment. In the spirit of adventure he next made a voyage to America, passed a considerable time in the back settlements amongst the Indians, and finally settling down in Maryland, became a considerable proprietor of lands in Virginia, and the owner of one of the most delightful seats on the picturesque banks of the Potomac. He here exercised successfully the combined occupations of a planter and a physician, until the occurrence of the dispute betwixt the colony and the mother country, when, espousing the home cause, his residence soon became both unpleasant and dangerous. Dr. Stuart thereupon abandoned his profession, and in 1774 became captain in the Western Virginia regiment, in which capacity he particularly distinguished himself in a severe action with the Indians. Signalized, however, as almost the only loyalist for three counties around him, he was, in October, 1775, compelled to abandon his home, his family, and fortune. He reached the nearest British post, three hundred and twenty miles from his residence, after encountering numerous dangers, and was appointed captain in the Queen's Royal Regiment of Rangers. Being ordered on a most important and perilous expedition, he succeeded in conducting the enterprise nearly four hundred miles in perfect safety; but on the day after he had relinquished his charge, was captured and placed in strict confinement.

At the peril of his life, he escaped from a guard of fifty men on the 20th of December, and travelled three hundred miles on foot over the extensive and almost inaccessible range of the Alleghany Mountains, amidst the rigors of winter, nearly destitute of food and clothing, and environed by unparalleled dangers and hardships. When almost beyond the reach of danger, he was, after all, recaptured and dragged seven hundred miles, fast bound with cords, to be imprisoned in Philadelphia, where he suffered eighteen months' captivity, on bread and water, in irons, in a dungeon. His sufferings were

cruelly enhanced by his being forced to march a hundred and fifty miles in irons, at the point of the bayonet, and covered with blood, occasioned by the irons and by broken blisters, in the rear of the Congress when it fled from Philadelphia to Baltimore. Being unable to proceed further, he was thrown into the hold of a privateer, upon the ballast, which consisted of pig-iron and stones, and kept for three days and nights without clothes or food, and still in irons, the snow falling fast through the hatches. But again effecting his escape, he encountered a fourth series of dangers and hardships in passing two hundred miles by water down the great bay of Chesapeake, and more than three hundred miles by land, through a hostile country, where he was well known, while a high reward was offered for his seizure. At length he reached the Preston, twenty-one miles off at sea, in a canoe, after being tossed about all night in a storm. His ardent zeal and loyalty at this time induced him to decline a very handsome gratuity offered him, in money, by Sir William Howe, commander-in-chief of the British forces, on his arrival in New York. After doing duty for some time as captain in the Loyal American Regiment, and also in the afterwards celebrated 42d or Royal Highland Regiment, Dr. Stuart, besides a corps of forty-five men in the former regiment, raised a chosen corps of one hundred and eighty-five men, at a very great expense, and this body he commanded, engaged in the most active service, until, of his own choice, he was attached with all his men to the Queen's Rangers.

High and flattering commissions proffered to Stuart during this period of service by the Americans were refused. Indeed, his loyalty of spirit was from the first invincible. Before quitting his own house, he defended it against a superior force, till one of his servants was killed and himself dangerously wounded. Even while in the hands of the enemy, he exerted his influence successfully in preventing numbers of British prisoners from entering the American army; and, during his escape, preserved, by his advice and influence, as many as one thousand families of loyalists from utter destruction. In the Danbury expedition, aided by only ten men, he repulsed and drove back, at the point of the bayonet, a hundred and more of the enemy who had greatly harassed the rear of the British army, leaving nineteen dead on the field. At the capture of Philadelphia he discovered eighteen serviceable pieces of cannon concealed in the Delaware; and being attacked by a force numbering six times his own, while serving as a detachment covering the woodcutters near Derby, he not only repulsed them, but killed more of the enemy than the whole number of his own detachment. In the action of Edgehill he particularly distinguished himself against Morgan's riflemen, the very best troops of the enemy, pursuing them to the abatis of Washington's camp. To effect the capture of a partisan officer, he passed, on one occasion, into the country beyond the position occupied by the enemy in force, and accomplished his purpose at noonday. In the battle of Crooked Billet, 1st May, 1778, with only sixty-five officers and men of the Queen's Rangers, he totally routed nine hundred of the enemy, leaving two hundred dead on the field, and taking sixty-seven prisoners, with wagons, baggage, &c. At Croswick's Creek, exasperated by seeing Captain Stephenson shot at his side, he attacked the enemy, twenty-five hundred strong, with six pieces of cannon, and, with only eighty men, drove them from the bridge, which they had fortified, and secured the safe passage of

the British army. At the battle of Freehold he furnished as signal a proof of his resolution and bravery. After the regiment, which was only three hundred and fifty strong, had for two whole hours sustained, alone and unsupported, the attacks of five thousand of the enemy under General Lee, Stuart, with eighty men as a forlorn hope, was directed to sustain the attack of the enemy's whole column, with a view to cover and secure the retreat of the rest of the detachment. Not only did he withstand the enemy in a narrow pass in which he had posted his men, but, after a long and severe conflict, repulsed them. Nay, more; in the evening of the very same day, being again detached in command of two companies of men, in order to cover the retreat of some troops who were in danger of being cut off by a very superior force, Stuart, after accomplishing this piece of service, contrived also to kill five and capture twenty-seven of the enemy by means of an ambuscade.

These exploits, were they not well-authenticated by statements published both in this country and America prior to the year 1815, might savor somewhat of the style of Baron Munchausen. It is certain, however, that while Stuart actually put in claims to indemnification for 65,000 acres of land, and other losses valued at £244,346, his services were at one time so far acknowledged, that a pension of £300, afterwards withdrawn, was granted him. He seems to have irritated, by expressions of contempt, the commissioners appointed to investigate the claims of the royalists, with whose proceedings he affected to make no secret of his disgust, and thus occasioned the withdrawal of his pension; nor was any adequate compensation ever substituted.

Balked in his expectations of reward, he had made up his mind to settle in Jamaica, in prosecution of his profession, and for that purpose embarked with his family on the 26th September, 1785. Misfortune, the doom of his race, again, however, tracked his footsteps: within sixteen days after his arrival, a tremendous hurricane destroyed all his property; he was attacked by a dangerous illness, and obliged to return in the greatest distress. To crown this succession of calamities, he was, on his arrival in England, arrested on a false process at Plymouth, thrown into St. Thomas' Ward, the prison for debtors for the county of Devon, and there subjected to a course of ill-treatment. Having set forth his case in a memorial to the king, presented at his majesty's first levee in December, 1792, it was most graciously received. He was shortly afterwards officially requested by General Delancey to present another memorial to the treasury. But after doing so, and waiting several months for a reply, he found that his memorial had never been laid before the Board. It was lost! Under the pressure of necessity, he at this juncture accepted the situation of assistant barrack-master at St. Domingo, upon an assurance, from very high authority, that his claims on government, so far from being weakened, would be strengthened thereby. Mischance did not forsake him even in this humble capacity. In Admiral Christian's fleet he was wrecked not seldomer than three times in his voyage out in 1795 and 1796, when above five thousand men perished, and not one sixth of four hundred sail returned to England. He was afterwards at the capture of St. Lucia, at Martinique, and in St. Domingo at a period when seven thousand six hundred British soldiers, and as many seamen, were carried off in five weeks by the yellow fever.

Though not attached to the medical staff at the time, Dr. Stuart applied himself to discover a means of alleviating or curing this dreadful disorder, and found out a remedy which perfectly accords with the views of modern medical science. The disease is merely a bilious fever, with the bile rendered acrid and corrosive by the extreme heat. Dr. Stuart's cure consequently consisted of five grains tartarized antimony and one table-spoonful of soft sugar, dissolved in fifteen table-spoonfuls of boiling water, of which one is to be taken every fifteen or twenty minutes until it has operated three distinct times, when an immense quantity of acrid thick viscid bile is evacuated, and the patient immediately relieved: toast and water, with nitre, is to be used for constant drink, and one ounce of Glauber salts taken in it on the second or third day after. This treatment, along with bark in port wine during convalescence, completed the recovery.* Dr. Stuart's reputation as a physician was not confined to this cure; for, about the year 1787, he discovered a substitute for Peruvian bark in the produce of this country, so that ague and scurvy might be counteracted by a remedy at one fourth the cost of bark, occurring abundantly at home.

In 1803, Stuart was appointed barrack-master of Billerica, when, the barrack erections being ruinous, some insubordinate militia, instigated by their commanding officer, assaulted him as the cause of the wretchedness of the accommodations, and beat out six of his teeth; for which he prosecuted the commanding officer at the expense of £100 to himself, although the officer was convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine to the king. He was latterly barrack-master at Landguard Fort; an unhealthy situation, where he lost a daughter in April, 1813, and a son in February following. Finding the health of his other children likewise in danger, he solicited a change of barracks. Not succeeding in this, he retired from the public service, and settled in London, in Vernon Place, Bloomsbury Square, where an accident occurred, 20th December, 1814, which consummated the fate of one of the nearest descendants of the royal house of Stuart. The carriage of a Mrs. Kelley, who was described as the daughter of Mr. Dolland, in St. Paul's Churchyard, came unexpectedly upon the unfortunate man, by suddenly turning the corner of Southampton Street. He was unable to escape in time, and being knocked down by the pole, was trampled upon by the horses. This occurred in the immediate neighborhood of his own residence, to which he was conveyed alive; but, in spite of the most anxious care and attention, he expired on the 28th of December, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, leaving behind him an amiable but destitute widow, two sons, and a daughter; and this just as he was beginning to be recognized by his friends, and might have succeeded in establishing himself as a physician in the metropolis.

We have not yet spoken of Dr. Stuart's literary abilities. He had, however, some pretensions to

* Medical men acquainted with the yellow fever of the tropics, and with the intertropical variations of climate, have observed in our own country, during the hypost season, a certain modification both of the disease and its cause. We had, up to July, the intense heat at high temperatures of the West India islands, succeeded thereafter by the rainy or wet season, generating the malaria that has subsequently prevailed, and giving rise to the great prevalence of bowel complaint, dysentery, and bilious fever of a remittent character, accompanied even by the yellow tinge of the skin, and as unequivocal symptoms of yellow fever as in these latitudes we could reasonably expect.

the name of an author, having published in America, two volumes of travels under the name of Smyth. Under the signatures of "Simplex" and "F. S. S." he published six elegies, called "Destiny and Fortitude," some poems, and many papers, several of which appeared in the Monthly Magazine. He had also announced his own memoirs, of the interest necessarily attaching to which some faint notion may be formed from the perusal of this hasty sketch; and along with them a "Genealogical Chart of the Descendants of the Royal House of Stuart, the most Ancient and Illustrious in the World during a period of Two Thousand Years."

The strange vicissitudes of such a life as Stuart's, operating on a poetical temperament, engendered that morbid superstition which seems more or less to have haunted the minds of every member of the Stuart race. Amongst his other productions, there is a long poem on the fate of this family, characterized by an excess of such feeling. Amongst their disasters he recounts the bloody fate of Queen Mary; and even Darnley (also a Stuart) is included in the fatal category, as well as his father the Earl of Lennox. He then adverts to the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, to that of the queen of Bohemia, to the execution of Charles I., and to the death of Charles II. (which he supposes to have been effected by poison;) to the execution of Monmouth, and to the speedy death, from grief, of the Lady Wentworth; with the fate of his own father, and the misfortunes of his own peculiar lot. He asserts at once the honor and misfortunes of the Stuarts in the following lines, which may be reckoned a curiosity of literature;—

Dominion, high command, and splendor gone,
Glory, and wealth, and crowns and sceptres fled;

FEMALE INDUSTRY IN IRELAND.

So much has been said of late about the want of employment in Ireland, that a few words concerning the industry of the most dependent portion of the population—the women—may not be unacceptable. An Irish wife of the humbler classes is usually known to the traveller in the provinces as a desolate-looking slattern, with a troop of dirty and idle children at her heels; but if he will only take time to go beyond the external phenomena of the road-side, in various cases, we can assure him, he will be presented with a picture of a very different kind. The cheaper sorts of blonde lace sold in England are the production of Ireland; and not only do the plain French cambric handkerchiefs come in great part from the looms of the latter country, but much of the embroidery on the expensive descriptions of these articles is executed in the huts of the Irish villagers, or in the garrets of the towns and cities.

For the present, however, we would direct attention to the manufacture of an imitation of point lace, commenced in the county Limerick, as presenting matter of congratulation to the philanthropist, as well as of imitation to the landed gentry. A benevolent lady at Currah Chase, by way of providing employment for the poor girls of her neighborhood at those times when they have nothing to do in the house or the field, has established a lace school in one of the lodges of her own park. In fine weather the young women take out their work, and sit under the trees; and thus seem to convert a business into an amusement peculiarly fitted for their sex. But it is really a business of considerable importance both to themselves and their families.

Our race reproached for adverse fate alone,
Although our lives with honor we have led.

That Stuarts sought for arbitrary rule—
Perish the thought! as false as ill-designed;
Excepting bigot James, religion's tool,
Whose sanguinary zeal debased his mind.

Too brave, too well-informed for such a part,
Strong were their talents as their judgments sound—

Pure *amor patriæ* possessed each heart;
Their native land their true affections found.

But sycophants in every age abound;
Time-serving reptiles, cringing, mean, and base,
That scandal's brazen trump delight to sound,
For hire against their native royal race.

A race marked out to bear the storms of fate,
Through ages thus oppressed by her to groan,
Crushed by hard fortune's overpowering weight,
'Tis mine with them to join my mournful moan.

'Midst sylvan wrecks, like one tree left, I stand
To storms exposed, by furious tempests torn,
And branches broken by each passing hand,
Distressed, oppressed, unheeded, and forlorn.

The critic might not say that a long poem, of which these are a few of the best stanzas, displayed much beyond the mechanism of verse. Yet, as the undoubted production of a man whose descent is linked, although by illegitimate ties, directly with the sovereign race of our native land—as emanating from one who conceived himself struggling under their doom, and even composed the verses in question under the inspiration of that superstition—they are fraught with an interest beyond their intrinsic merits.

It interferes with no duty, and with no task; it merely fills up time that would otherwise be vacant or misemployed; and it enables them not only to dress as neatly as English girls of the same station, but to provide their huts with food at that unhappy period of the year when, even in ordinary seasons, the Irish peasant has little else to live on than his *hopes* of the ripening crop of potatoes.

The lace is sewed upon muslin or net, and afterwards cut out; and so expert have the girls become, that the second prize for needlework was adjudged to one of their specimens at the Royal Irish Agricultural Improvement Society's show at Limerick. As a higher honor still, it may be mentioned that the queen of the Belgians—the queen of point lace—during her late visit to England, selected from the stock of a London lace-seller a shawl worked at the Currah Chase school.

When we say that the average number of work-girls here is only thirty, and that the proprietress shows no disposition to enhance either prices or wages, but appears resolved to continue the little manufactory on its original plan, as a mere resource against idleness, and its concomitant want, we shall not be supposed to have any wish to exaggerate its importance as a branch of the national industry. We would merely hold it up as an example and encouragement to the good and gentle of the Irish ladies. There are many other employments for which their sex is fit. There are many which, from their nature, will long escape the rivalry of machinery. We have seen in Russia, for instance, the richest specimens of embroidery on velvet, executed in the huts of the peasantry, and competing successfully in the market with the productions of

the town manufactories. But even in lace alone much more might be done in Ireland than there is at present; and the materials are so cheap, that any benevolent person, with ever so bare an independence, might establish a Currah Chase school. The good effected would of itself be a sufficient reward; but in the instance we have now brought to notice, the kind lady of the Chase has received a token of gratitude which must have touched her heart and filled her eyes. The poor girls, by working at extra hours, and lavishing all their skill upon the task, produced a *chef-d'œuvre* in point lace, and presented it as a gift to their benefactress.

It is well known that in several of the continental countries the manufacture of thread lace is an unfailing resource for the women; and in Normandy, more especially, we have been both surprised and amused by a peep into the workshop of the hamlet. The business is usually carried on during the night, for in the daytime the stout Norman lasses work like men or horses in the field; and the place of meeting is the cow-house, where the sweet breath of the "milky mothers" keeps them warm. They have all, besides, their own chaufferettes, (little boxes pierced with holes, and enclosing a pan of live cinders,) on which they rest their feet as they sit around a little round table. This table has but one lamp for the whole circle; but each is provided with a white glass bottle filled with clear water, which reflects the light upon her work as well as if she had one to her own share. Oh the joyous laugh! oh the buoyant song! oh the wild raileries that fill the midnight cow-house! till, tired at length both of work and merriment, the light-hearted girls withdraw to their huts and their beds, from which the sun is to rouse them in a few hours to another course of toil and enjoyment.—*Chambers' Journal*.

WILLIAM COBBETT AND SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SCENE—*The other world.*

Cobbett. Oh! There you are, Sir Walter. Come, shake hands. My crow's plucked at last. I will speak to you, now.

Raleigh. And right welcome, Master Cobbett. You have been wont hitherto to use scurvy language of me; why, I know not; and civilities have been scant between us. I rejoice to think they shall be frequent henceforth.

Cobbett. Yes, yes. To tell you the plain truth, I could not bear the sight of you. Don't look so black; but it was you colonized Virginia, and introduced into Ireland that vile, watery, rotgut thing, the potato.

Raleigh. Nay, these be strange reasons for sulky looks. Did I not, by the one act, add to our empire a fair territory, fertile in all manner of grain, well-watered, and, as Master Hariot doth still opine, rich in the precious metals; and, by the other, bring into our Britain a delicate fruit, right flavoured and wholesome for confections and sweetmeats?

Cobbett. Fiddle-de-diddle!

Raleigh. Truly you trouble me much, Master Cobbett. But why your wrath against that wholesome root, the *openumk*, as the savages called it, but which we named after the Spaniard, "potato?"

Cobbett. Wholesome root! Don't put me in a passion. Do you know that your precious "wholesome root" has become the food of two thirds of England, Ireland, and Scotland? It is pigs' meat, and has made pigs of the poor people who use it. I did what I could. I told all sensible Englishmen, those who took in my *Register*, what it would come to. It's true I did n't use the gallipot phrases that these Oxford and Cambridge doctors, in their black gowns and conjuring

caps, have dosed people with till their stomachs might have turned at the gibberish if not at the thing itself—your precious potato I mean. I did n't write such nonsensical words as your *solanums*, and *tubers*, and *albumen*, and *protein*, and *fibrine*; but I said, in plain Hampshire English, that potatoes were rubbish, that living on them would turn our apple-cheeked, big-boned farming men and women into windy, herring-gutted, lantern-jawed sneaks! I said it, and it has come to pass.

Raleigh. But I looked not on them save as a thing good for confections, to be baked in pies, as quinces and such fruit; and though you speak but scurvily of them, let me tell you that they be marvellous refreshing and pleasant, eaten sopped in wine, which doth take off a coldness belonging to them when raw. Nay, they may, to give them a better grace, be stewed with prunes.

Cobbett. What is the man talking of? I spoke about potatoes, and not apples. I tell you, people have sunk and sunk since potatoes were first planted in Lancashire in 1720. And now, instead of good wheaten bread and wholesome streaky bacon, they taste nothing but your cursed root from year's end to year's end. But the mischief's done, and at an end. The potatoes are ruined, stock and seed! I won't tell you in the outlandish gallimaufry what has done it; but it's done, and my corn, Cobbett's corn, Indian corn—

Raleigh. I know it well. Lane brought me sundry plants thereof from the colony, which I planted side by side with my first potatoes, in my garden at Youghall, in Ireland.

Cobbett. Did you? Well then, I almost forgave you the potatoes. But my corn is coming over by ship-loads, to drive the beggarly, watery, waxy potato out of the fields, where, please the pigs, they'll never be seen again; or, if seen, it will be only to please the pigs—for the laborers won't touch 'em when they learn what's good for them. So, here 's my hand, Sir Walter Raleigh, and I forgive you the potatoes.

Raleigh. Ah! Master Cobbett, 't is a strange world, and a changeful!

Cobbett. Yes—in the matter of potatoes. But for the rest I fancy it remains much the same, placemen and pensioners scrambling for the loaves and fishes, and silencing honest men, still, I'll be bound; and your Johnny Bowleses still talking about the "glorious constitution;" and your fine gentlemen still giving themselves puppy-dog airs; and a wash of learned languages still running out of Oxford and Cambridge. But they have n't a *Political Register* to tell them what asses they are. That's a change for the worse, to be sure. However, the potato blight almost reconciles me even to that. How I wish they'd give us ghosts leave to visit the folks up yonder! I should think Westminster would invite me to a public dinner, at which not a potato should make its appearance.

Raleigh. And Westminster Abbey perchance afford me a monument. Farewell, Master Cobbett.

Cobbett. Good morning. I'll go and crow over Perry.—[*Exeunt severally.*] *Punch.*

ACCORDING to the most accurate estimates, no less a space than 2,830,000 acres—that is, nearly one seventh of the entire surface of Ireland—is occupied with bog. If, however, the quantity capable of being made into turf be taken as low as 2,000,000 of acres, and at an average depth of three yards, the mass of fuel which they contain, estimated at 550 lbs. per cubic yard, when dry, amounts to the enormous sum of 6,338,666,666 tons. Taking, therefore, the value of turf, as compared with that of coal, namely, as 9 to 54, the total amount of turf fuel in Ireland is equivalent in power to above 470,000,000 tons of coal, which, at 12s. per ton, is worth above £280,000,000 sterling.—*Chambers' Journal*.

{ OFFICE OF THE LIVING AGE,
{ 165 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

THE speculations of Fraser's Magazine upon the unsettled state of affairs in Europe, are sad indeed. The moderate temper of this journal entitles it to the more weight. We should be glad that Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell would *jointly* appeal to the country at the next election.

The mission to Japan grows more and more distinct. These islands will soon be knocked at by British goods. Perhaps the American flag may be the better liked there, from the visit of an American vessel, which was recorded in the Living Age some months ago.

Scotch Nationality is almost a domestic question with us, so deeply has the literature of that part of the island sunk into the public mind.

The United States Senate has passed a bill for the purchase of the papers of the late Gen. Hamilton. It is to be hoped that the House of Representatives may concur, and that the President may be able to spare so much money from the Mexican war. Justice to the dead, to the living, and the yet unborn, demands that a full hearing be given to the great men who were for awhile overshadowed in the affections of the people by Mr. Jefferson's popularity.

We have to thank Messrs. Harper & Brothers for several good books: The Emigrant, by Sir F. B. Head; [This has been fully reviewed in former numbers.] The Use of the Body, in relation to the Mind, by George Moore, M. D. [A high opinion of this work we have already copied from an English review. As reprinted, it forms the twentieth volume of Harpers' New Miscellany.] Flowers of Fable, with numerous engravings. [This beautiful volume is a selection from the Fables of all authors, from which the compiler has endeavored to exclude all coarse, rude or profane expressions, and all fables which inculcate pernicious principles, such as treachery, cunning, revenge, &c.] Guide to Wisdom and Virtue, designed for young persons of either sex, selected mainly from the writings of an eminent physician; and Hutton's Book of Nature laid open—revised by the Rev. Dr. Blake. [Two books, which we welcome to our children's library.] The Pictorial History of England, No. 15. [This is a much fuller and better work than any other on the subject. It would be a great mistake to consider its pictorial beauty as its principal merit.] Letters on Astronomy, addressed to a lady; in which the elements of the science are familiarly explained in connexion with its literary history, with numerous engravings.

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